Circulation Last Week,
100,000.

SAMPLE COPIES
Sent Free to any address.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

NEW FEATURES

Arrangements are being made for the publication of new and interesting special articles in the WEEKLY BLADE.

Announcements of these will be made as soon as plans are matured.

VOLUME LVII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1889. NUMBER 18.

Poetry.

PASSOVER.

Years have fallen like snowflakes, fallen and melted away,
Since Moses hallowed and Israel kept the ever glorious day.
When the Lord, fulfilled of mercy to Abraham's exiled line,
Delivered them from the spoilers' hand with a great and wondrous sign;
The mothers of Egypt deploring their firstborn slain in a night,
And the heart of Pharaoh shaking like a reed at the sound of His might.

They went from the land of bondage, they wrought most marvelous things,
They built the ark of the Most High God, they set their feet upon kings,
And prophets and priests and sages, and poets with voice of gold,
Rose up among them ever proclaiming the truth from of old;
And, whether they smote their foes with fear, or captive in chains were led,
They wept, in triumph and sorrow, the Feast of Unleavened Bread.

But, alas for Solomon's sceptre, and alas for David's lyre,
And the wisdom of the Preacher and Isaiah's lips of fire!
Generation after generation lie down to the last long sleep,
And still by the waters of Babylon must Israel wait and weep;
Through the Desert and the Wilderness their weary way they grope,
Though their hearts are hot within them with unconquerable hope.

It seemed that the Lord had turned from them the brightness of His face;
The wrath of kings and the fury of mobs followed their fated race;
And hotter and ever hotter the bale fires of bigotry grew,
And Guilt in Christian remembered not in his pride that he owed his God to the Jew;
Martyrs uncheered by glory, and saints whose guerdon was scorn,
Strong with the patience of manhood, lived all their lives forlorn.

Not yet has the age-long hatred taken its shameful flight,
And hidden itself in the blackness of the loathly cave of night.
But it dwindles down to a shadow, there is light where all was dark,
And in place of the unclean birds of night we hear the heavenly lark.
With the strength of ages of suffering, by cloud and fire still led,
Keep, Israel, with rejoicing heart, the Feast of Unleavened Bread!

The Lord's face is not hidden, the trial has almost ceased,
Keep, Israel, with a happy heart, the high and holy feast!

HER LAUGH—IN FOUR FITS.

From the Washington Post.

At 10 a blithesome little maid,
Restrained by naught but nature's law,
Went romping o'er the glassy glade
And laughed a merry
Haw
Haw
Haw.

At 20 she was bright and fair;
But now, restrained by fond mamma,
She only tossed her golden hair
And laughed a rippling
Ha
Ha
Ha.

At 30 she was more sedate.
And, still from wedded bondage free,
She said her time was growing late,
And laughed a yearning
He
He
He.

At 40 she despaired of joy,
For none had come her heart to woo.
She sighed for either man or boy,
And laughed a doleful
Who
Who
Who.

THE FIRST COMMANDMENT.

If your eyes be weary with weeping,
Or heavy with tears unshed,
If the hope of your heart lies sleeping
With grave grass overhead,
You must smile though your pallid lips tremble!

You must carol a glad, gay song!
You must hide your grief and dissemble,
For the world counts sorrowing wrong.

If the sands of the desert be burning
The palms of your feet as you tread,
While your heart, with desolate yearning,
Seeks in vain some oasis ahead,
You must dance, though life's music be broken,
And strangle your pain and be proud!
For the world's first commandment unspoken,
Is "Thou shalt not sorrow aloud!"

—*Helen Ten Brocck, in Dramatic News.*

April, 1889.

Our Story Teller.

CHIQUIRIQUITA.

MY name is Chiquiriquita. My home is in Arizona, near the borders of Mexico. My father is an officer in the United States army.

When I was a tiny girl without a name, Senora Martinez, an aged Spanish woman, came to see me. I opened my big black eyes and smiled on her. She murmured "Chiquiriquita," which is the fourth diminutive of chico, small, and means very, very small. My mother called me Chiquiriquita, then my father adopted the name. Then the garrison people followed their example and finally I was baptized Chiquiriquita Belmont.

There were only two Americans except my father and mother that I cared for. One was old Gen. Ames. I had known him always. He taught me to sketch, and read Spanish and German. He often reproved me for wasting my time.

"I am only a little Spanish girl," I told him, "and love to swing in my hammock, and play on my guitar, and sketch dark-faced children."

The other American I cared for was Dr. Warner, the surgeon of my father's regiment. I also liked the army mules, particularly Jack and Juanita, two gigantic ones. I was fond of John, my pet ostrich, who followed me about everywhere. He was a head taller than I, his feathers were lovely, gray and brown. Michael, my father's servant, put up a hammock for me under some shade trees near the house, and one beside it for John, and we swung and slept in them nearly half the time.

I have spoken of Dr. Warner. What the rainbow is to the dark cloud it spans, what the fountain is to the desert wanderer, what the moon and stars are to the midnight sky, that he became to me. To him—I was only his colonel's little daughter.

One morning I was idly swinging in my hammock, dreaming, when I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and Edith Ames, her beautiful face looking to me like the picture of St. Cecilia in the old church, rode by, accompanied by Dr. Warner. She was the granddaughter of Gen. Ames, of the fort, and had come to spend the winter in our Southern land with her grandfather.

I felt as though the air grew cold. I threw my arms around John, who was asleep in his hammock beside me, and pulled his feathers so harshly that one soft gray one fell to the ground from my hand.

That afternoon my mother was to give a grand dinner party in honor of some guests at the garrison. When I was a child I had died from these grand entertainments attended with much ceremony and visited some of my Mexican friends; but now I enjoyed them, for I was sure to be taken in to dinner by my friend, Dr. Warner.

That afternoon Inez, my mother's maid, dressed me with unusual care. I fancied I looked my best in a creamy white dress with cloth of gold roses, my favorite flowers for decoration. I had almost forgotten my anguish of the morning.

The guests gathered, and as I went about from group to group, I fancied that the blue-gray eyes of Dr. Warner followed me with approbation. I was looking forward to the dinner hour expecting to enjoy my usual pleasant chat with him. Sam's black face seemed that of an angel messenger as he announced dinner. The guests followed my mother to the dining room. Dr. Warner crossed the long parlor and offered his arm to Miss Ames. I watched them until they disappeared, then I quietly left the room.

No one noticed me. I almost flew over the burning sand. Blue above me was the sky—blue as the eyes I so loved. Cloudless and pitiless shone the sun upon me. Life looked long and limitless as the great deserts so near me at that moment, and just as desolate.

No one cared for Chiquiriquita!

On, on I went, so wretched and miserable that even a moment's rest seemed impossible, toward the dear old church! As I drew near, to my excited fancy its gray walls seemed like a heavenly city. I could almost hear the three great iron bells in the overhanging roof, silent for over fifty years, ring out clear and soft for the fair Castilian bride of 200 years ago, then chant, deep and low, a requiem for the saintly dead.

I pushed open the huge door, entered the silent church, and threw myself down before the picture of the Madonna. My eyes rested on the face of St. Cecilia, her golden hair floating about her, her beautiful hands sweeping a harp, her eyes turned heavenward. Then I cried out—

"Oh, Edith Ames, why did you come? I was so happy. Why? Why?"

"Why? Why?" came back to me from the dim rafters.

Exhausted, I fell asleep on the cold stone floor. When I awoke, my eyes rested on the agonized face of a martyr, and I thought of the tradition that the penitents of long ago walked through the cruel prickly pear hedge, just outside the church and found great comfort in the act.

I ran outside the church into the dry, hot air. I walked upon a plant with cruel thorns; I clasped one to my breast, where the golden roses hung withered, until my white dress bore marks of its cruel impress.

I was so absorbed in my grief that I did not hear the sound of approaching wheels until a carriage swept around the church. Seated in it was Dr. Warner. He jumped from the carriage and spoke very kindly, never appearing to notice my forlorn aspect, and said:

"I have never been inside this grand old church which you love so dearly. Will you show it to me?"

Like some penitent I led the way. We paused before pictures, rare and old, of saints, angels and martyrs. I averted my face as Dr. Warner looked upon Saint Cecilia. Suddenly he asked:

"Why did you leave us so abruptly, and why did I find you walking on those cruel thorns?"

I looked down and said:

"I was playing penitent."

We had paused before the Madonna. There was a tremor in my voice, but I answered almost defiantly:

"You all left me—I wanted to sit next you at the table."

Then my tears fell fast, and I put my small, lace-bordered handkerchief, which I had chosen in the happy hours of preparation for the dinner party, to my eyes.

His voice was kindly, and I felt sure his eyes grew tender as he said:

"Your father and mother were engaged in their duties as host and hostess, and I a few weeks ago received a letter from my old time friend, Mr. Bell, who in the spring is to marry Miss Ames" (my heart beat joyfully), "asking me to make her visit here pleasant. You are are too impulsive. Your father and mother love you, and I—"

At this moment the church door was pushed open, and on the stone floor was the sound of several, uneven steps. They approached quickly. My handkerchief was removed from my eyes. I opened them just in time to see John swallow it. He craned his long neck and brought first one and then the other of his small black eyes to bear on me, then on Dr. Warner, as much as to say, "What is the trouble?" It was so funny, so thankless, that I laughed.

I was only too glad of an excuse to be merry. I was very happy.

"I had forgotten for a few moments what brought me here," said Doctor Warner. "The Indians are on the war path. About 8 o'clock this evening a party of soldiers and scouts will start in pursuit of them. I accompany them."

He led me to the carriage, helped me in, and took a seat beside me. John seated himself beside Michael and we rode homeward.

Hasty preparations were being made at the garrison when we reached there. At 8 that evening the soldiers, accompanied by their sergeant in command, marched attentively as the route they were to take. When the sound of the retreating horses died away, I turned to Nano, a Mexican boy, and said:

"Saddle my two ponies and you and I will have a ride."

Nano joyfully did as I bade him. In half an hour we were riding away. After the heat of the day, how grateful the cool evening! Flowers folded away from the sun, children of the sand, opened their eyes to me. Nano and I rode along in silence.

Through my mind floated, many times, "Your father and mother love you, and I—" What did he mean? Was it possible that he loved me? Why had dear old John come just at that moment? Should I ever hear that sentence finished? Then I thought of the cruel, treacherous Indians. In my life on the border lands I had seen many brought home, slain by our dusky neighbors.

The full moon was shining. Nano interrupted my musings by saying that the huge cacti looked like giants, and he could kill one or two with his knife.

The wind, which was blowing from us, suddenly veered. I heard distinctly the sound of the horses' hoofs bearing our soldiers. They were quite near, but going from us. I bent my face upon my pony's neck, and said a little prayer for their safety, then said to Nano, as I looked at my watch, and found it was 10 o'clock:

"It is time to return."

As I was wheeling Brownie, my pony, around, I grew faint with terror at what I saw. From behind the tall cacti sprang at least a dozen Indians. Like demons they looked in their war paint and feathers. They had knives and clubs and strange looking objects dangling from their belts. They dragged Nano from his pony, and then I felt myself torn from Brownie. I had clasped my arms around her neck.

There were a few dry, wretched trees growing out of the sand. They tied Nano to one with strong leather bands. Then they tied me to another. The moon looked coldly down upon my agonized face. The Indians gathered dry twigs and leaves and grass, and laid them about our feet.

After one wild cry Nano was silent. I think he fainted. In the moment of terror when I expected to pass through the fearful gateway of fire, I thought of father and mother, of dear old John, but nearer and dearer still, I thought of the blue gray eyes clearer than all other eyes.

The Indians, sure of their victims, left us to gather fuel for the sacrifice. "The inconstant moon" never cried out to save us, but "the fickle, fitful wind" came screaming from the desert, and cried, "This shall not be!" It fanned the pale, dark cheek of Nano; it caressed my forehead, and gave me a last fond kiss.

I saw an Indian approach with a lighted torch. Then, as if in anger, the wind gave one terrible blast. It tossed my long black hair, which had fallen all about me, away. The moon gave a loving, intense glance. I saw the torch fall from the Indian's hand. I saw the Indians all fall before me on their faces. Then I knew that the wind and moon had shown them the Indian necklace, with its crescent and blazing sun.

I seized my revolver, forgotten until now. I fired, and oh, joy! I heard answering shots and the tramping of horses.

The Indians, as if by magic, had vanished. I was surrounded by friends. The blue gray eyes looked into mine. I heard the words—

"Chiquiriquita, I love you."—*Waverly Magazine.*

The Whole Truth.

The stupidity of servants is a trial to the most even-tempered mistress, but it sometimes serves to amuse the other members of the household. There was a girl who belonged in the familiar category of "children and fools."

"If any one should call this afternoon, Mary, say that I am not well," said a mistress to a newly engaged servant. "I'm afraid I ate a little too much of that rich pudding for dinner, and it, or something else, has brought on a severe headache. I am going to lie down."

A few moments later the mistress from her room near the head of the stairs heard Mary say to two aristocratic ladies who called for the first time:

"Yes'm. Mrs. B—— is to home, but she eat so much pudding for dinner she had to go to bed."—*Youths' Companion.*

BREAKERS AHEAD.

"Lige!"

And the Secretary rose from his desk and presented himself to the view of his superior.

"Describe to me the town of Elizabethport."

"Really," answered the Secretary, nervously. "I have never been there, but I have an atlas in the next room."

"Lige, if I remember rightly, the dock from which I am to embark in that town is the same from which the first Father of his Country was transferred to the ship in waiting, 100 years ago."

"Indeed!" murmured Lige, shifting his position.

"Now, as a well-informed man, what is your opinion of the strength of the structure at the present day?" asked the President, with anxious interest.

Lige smiled feebly and made a futile attempt to bring his cuffs to view.

"I hear further," resumed the President, moving uneasily in his chair, "that both the boat and the oarsmen engaged to row me to the Despatch are the same as were employed to transport Gen. Washington. Is this true?" And he frowned portentiously.

"Oh! This is hardly possible, Mr. President."

"But, prove to me its impossibility," retorted the Executive, with some warmth. "I have this morning received a letter from a reliable source stating that the aggregate age of the carsmen is 973 years; that they have forgotten how to row, and are in daily practice for the intended service."

"But, Mr. President, the experience acquired in 973 years and muscular development attained during that period——"

"Lige," interrupted the President, "has the navy any life boats?"

"I cannot say for a certainty," replied the other, "but I should suggest that a substantial cork life-preserver worn under the vest, or perhaps a boat from the life-saving station at Long Branch, which I believe is somewhere on the next block, in that locality——"

"Now, tell me, Lige, and no prevarication, is the water thereabouts rough, smooth, fresh or salt, a river, lake, bay, or sea? Name to me, also, the man who suggested this feature of the celebration, and state what's the matter with my journeying directly to New York without change of cars?" and the President glared at his secretary with a Bessemer steel expression.

"Why am I to be removed from a luxurious Pullman at an unearthly hour of the morning, trundled in a Jersey hack to the dock, tumbled in a boat and hauled up a ladder to the Despatch? What kind of a vessel is she—sloop, schooner, side-wheeler, or stern-chaser? How many tons does she weigh?"

"How many tons?" repeated Lige, with a forced smile.

"Yes, yes, you know what I mean better than I do myself. Oh, I am a miserable man! Although the Chief Magistrate of a nation of 65,000,000, I am the loneliest and least cared for of all. Not a hand is raised to save me. Go, go, Lige! I would weep alone!"

Lige went out softly and shut the door.—*New York Sun.*

TWO GIRL STOWAWAYS.

Found on Board the Ohio When Two Days Out from Queenstown.

The American line steamship Ohio was two days out from Queenstown, on her way to Philadelphia, before it was discovered on board that while her passenger list called for 350 people she had 352. The two extra passengers, "stowaways," as every mariner calls people not down on the books, were two young girls who wished they hadn't come.

Capt. Sargent, the commander of the Ohio, sent for the two girls, and asked them severely why they had ventured to try to get free passage to America.

"If you please, sir," said the elder of the two, "we didn't want to come at all. My name's Lizzie Hennessey, and she," indicating her weeping companion, "is Mary Ellen Murphy. There was some friends of ours from the same village coming over, and we came out in the tender to say good-by."

They were in the "between decks" when the notice, "All ashore that's going," was given before the tender cast away to take back to Queenstown, three miles away from the vessel, those who had come to the Ohio to say farewell. The two girls did not hear the warning, and the steamer was under way and the tender a spot in the distance before the girls knew they were on the way to America without their passage paid and without even a change of clothing. Their friends cared for them, and they weren't thrown overboard, as they had feared at first when they heard the captain's severe question, "How did you get here?"

Immigrant Inspector Rodgers, whose duty it is to see that the immigration laws are enforced, detained the two stowaways on board last night. Lizzie Hennessey has a sister in New York, and both girls have a good many friends in this country, who, as they expect, will save them from the seasickness and discomfort of the voyage back to Queenstown. Both of the girls spoke so feelingly to Inspector Rodgers on this subject that he told them they would probably be allowed to land. They are strong, intelligent girls, who would probably be able to take care of themselves in America.

These are the first female "stowaways" the American line has ever brought over.—*Philadelphia Press.*

HE MADE HIS SPEECH.

Editor W. J. Arkell Got the Better of the Clover Club.

W. J Arkell, the proprietor of *Judge* and *Frank Leslie's Weekly*, was invited to dine recently with the celebrated Clover club in Philadelphia. He hesitated a little about going, for he knew of the club's custom of demanding a speech from a guest, and the corollary habit they had of guying a speaker. It is said that Mr. Arkell confided his doubts to the great caricaturist of *Judge*, Mr. Gillam, and the latter suggested the plan by which the Clover club's benevolent customs could be kept in check. Mr. Gillam advised Mr. Arkell to go to the dinner, and to take with him a horse-pistol of antique type and tremendous size. Mr. Arkell took in the possibilities in sight, and bought the largest horse-pistol he could find in New York.

He couldn't carry the pistol in any of his pockets—it measured nearly a yard—but he concealed it inside the nether garments of his dress suit, and started for the dinner. In due time, after the dispatch of the solids and liquids of the banquet, Mr. Arkell was called upon to speak. He arose quietly and began: "Gentlemen of the——" Then such a clamor arose on all sides that he couldn't hear his own voice. Mr. Arkell simulated surprise at first, and then, as the hooting and howling grew louder, anger. He looked indignantly from one gentleman to another, stretched out his hands to the chairman, but all in vain.

The next thing he did was to tear off his dress coat, push his chair back, and with both hands drag from its hiding-place the immense horse-pistol. With an air of wild anger he pointed the huge weapon at the President's head and appeared to be taking careful and deliberate aim.

The gentlemen of the Clover club did not see the joke in this, and rushed upon him, when he laid the pistol down, remarking: "It's not loaded, but, gentlemen, I'm going to fire off my speech!"

And he was allowed to proceed amid cheers. The Clover club elected Mr. Arkell an honorary member that very night.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Sad Fate of the Health Reformer.

See the poor man, children; oh, how red his nose is! What a very bad complexion; how thin his jaws; and see, what a wild, hungry look in his eyes; his face is blue and pinched with cold; he is dyspeptic; his eyes are hollow and his beard is thin. Is he dissipated? Oh, bless you, no; quite the reverse; he is a vegetarian; never eats meat; see him shudder as he walks past the butcher stall. Will he not die soon? Sad to say he will not; he is liable to live to the age of 98, and then spend two years in dying, and his nose will remain red a whole year after he is dead. Come, let us go in and order some luncheon; he makes me hungry. You, Enos, may have a pound of sausage; Ida is not feeling very strong to-day, she may have some roast beef, rare, with dish gravy; Henry, you may have some English mutton chops, and I am going to turn myself loose on a Tartar steak with fringe trimmings. "Will we live to be 98 years old?" I hope not, dears, I hope not; we have no right to do so, and there is no warrant for it. We will all die. I trust about 70, but we are going to live every year of it.—*Bob Burdette.*

SINGULAR DISCOVERY IN TEXAS.

Unearthing an Old Burial Ground of Indians and Aztecs—Relics of Great Interest.

A discovery of immense archæological interest has recently been made near the small town of Painted Cave, on the Southern Pacific railroad, about the junction of the Pecos and the Rio Grande. Mr. Vandervoort, who owns a farm near the town mentioned, found on his place after a recent wind storm a large cottonwood tree blown down and leaving the roots exposed. In the earth loosened by its fall and upheaved by the spreading roots he noticed a round object, which, upon inspection, proved to be a human skull. Mr. Vandervoort, a gentleman of much intelligence and good education, together with some slight knowledge of anthropology, decided that the skull was that of an Aztec, which possesses notable peculiarities. The farm laborers were at once set to work, and, after two or three feet of soil had been removed, almost every upheaval of the spades brought to light a bone, or weapon, or other object. The earth was carefully raked over and the relics laid aside. The work went on for two or three days, and hundreds from the country and neighboring towns visited the spot. The exhumed antiquities have been carefully stored by Mr. Vandervoort, who intends sending them to Austin to the State Scientific and Geological association. Your correspondent was shown the collection yesterday. In all, the skeletons of nearly 100 men had been dug up, but most of the bones had been reinterred. The two skulls which had been kept differed so widely in shape that it was plain that they had belonged to representatives of entirely different nations. One was unmistakably the skull of an Indian; the other Mr. Vandervoort declared to be an Aztec's, or, at any rate, that of a being much higher in intelligence than the Indian, and yet lower than the Caucasian.

"You observe," he said, "that I make a distinction between the Indians and the Aztecs, for, although the latter were called Indians, they differed physically as widely as they did in habits and manners from the wandering savage aborigines."

There were a great number of arrowheads, both of stone and of glass, in the manufacture of which the Aztecs excelled. But to set at rest all doubts as to what people the bones had belonged to a score or two of the maquanity, the peculiar weapon of the Azatian race, were found. This weapon is a short metal ax, with blades of glass. The metal is supposed to be copper, but the specimens just found are so incrusted and incased by age and burial that this point has not yet been fully determined. Several shields are among the relics, and on being cleaned were found to be of brass, each skillfully engraved with the figure of an owl. Copper knives and stone tomahawks are abundant, and twenty or thirty head bands of ebony, silver and copper are in the collection. There is also a helmet or casque of thin silver, with a small hole in the top. The headdress of an Azteean officer was a helmet, with a topknot of feathers, known as a panache. The feathers were, of course, gone from this, but we may conclude that the skull which still wears this symbol of rank was that of the commander of the party. A pair of silver cuishes (armor for legs from knee to ankle) were found near the helmeted skull. One bony hand still clutched a dart with three copper points, and held it so firmly that it was necessary to keep hand and all. Another ghastly object was a pair of clinched jaws, holding between their discolored teeth a small image engraved on agate. This must have been the likeness of a god thrust into the mouth by the dying possessor. A number of gold and silver pendants, and a quantity of Aztec currency were picked up. This latter consists of bits of tin in shape like the letter T.

Among the human bones were mingled those of several animals, too small to have been cattle—horses were, of course, unknown—and too large to have been dogs. Mr. Vandervoort confessed himself puzzled as to what animal they could have belonged to, but while we were talking it over Mr. Roberts, who was present and examining the bones, and who is an old hunter, stated they were those of ocelots. These animals were trained by the Aztecs for the hunt, and in this instance it seemed for battle, too, for from the promiscuous mingling of bones and weapons the inference is that a small battle took place here between some wandering tribe of Indians and a band of Aztec warriors during the southward journeyings ages ago of the mystic race of Azatlan. That the ocelots took an active part in this skirmish is shown by the fact that the jaws of one held the severed skull of an Indian, while the teeth of a second were fastened on a thigh bone. In turn a tomahawk was still sticking in his partially cloven skull.

With the Little Shavers.

A little Kingston (N. Y.) girl was asked by a lady how many brothers she had. "Only John," was the quiet response, "an' he ain't my brother. But he's just as nice, though," added the child naively.

"Pa, what does mote mean? At Sunday school we have a text which says 'Take the mote out of thine own eye.'" "Motes, my son, motes are the same as spees. That's what they called eyeglasses in Moses's time."

Little Louie Arnold, aged 5, before going to church, was told by her mamma to be sure and remember the text, which chanced to be, "Why halt ye between two opinions?" On her return mamma said: "Louie, dear, I hope you remember the text," when Louie replied: "I didn't exactly catch what the minister said, but it was something about a hawk between two pigeons."

One day four-year-old Jessie wanted to go into the cellar to get an apple, but as she was too small to carry a lamp her mother sent an older sister with her. The sister didn't want to go, and so let Jessie get to the foot of the stairs and then blew the light out. When Jessie found herself all alone in the dark place she screamed out "Oh, dear me, where been I? Am I behind or am I before?"

A Pontiac (Ill.) little boy was told at Sunday school that when he died he would leave his body here. After returning home he was much troubled in regard to it, and he questioned his parents. His mother explained by saying: "You will take all the good with you, but leave all that is naughty here below." He thought a moment, and looking up, said; "Well, I guess I'll be awfully thin when I get there."

The Dog Was Equal to the Occasion.

During the revival at the Methodist church last night quite a solemnly comic incident occurred. There is a certain dog in town who has been taught by his owner to kneel in the attitude of prayer when commanded by a snap of the owner's fingers. Last night the dog followed a lady and gentleman into the church, and insisted upon making himself at home around the altar, to the annoyance of those conducting the meeting. One of the congregation, noticing the unwelcome presence of the canine, rose from his seat and proceeded to conduct his dogship to the street. He was making slow progress in his efforts, and when about midway down the center aisle chirped and snapped his fingers at the animal, who deliberately turned round, placed his paws upon the end of a pew, and bowed his head as if in earnest prayer.—*Orlando Record.*

Sly Amy.

Miss Amy (at the party)—How nice it is to be accomplished! I sometimes envy Tilly Upjohn. She plays the zither, the guitar, the piano and the violin, and sings like a nightingale. She paints beautifully, too. I can't do any of those things.

Mr. Peduncle (with sudden interest)—You can do hammered brass work, can't you?

Miss Amy—My goodness, no! I don't believe I have any talent. I can cook well—that's about all.

Mr. Peduncle (in private office of middle-aged merchant next day)—Mr. Fotherbridge, I should like permission to pay my addresses to your daughter, Miss Amy.

German for "In the Soup."

That more or less popular phrase, "In the soup," it may not be generally known, has long been in use in different forms among the Germans. For instance, "Der slizt in der brühe" ("He sits in the soup"); "Er hat sich eine schone suppe eingebrookt" ("He has made a nice soup for himself," meaning he has put himself in a "bad fix"); and "Er muss die eingebrockte suppe selbst essen." ("He must eat the soup he has cooked himself").

Our New Temperance and Religious Serial.

THE FOLLETT CURSE;

A TALE OF AMERICAN LIFE OF TO-DAY.

Copyrighted 1889, by the Toledo Blade Co. All rights reserved.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JENNIE MAKES CONFESSION.

THE hotel was built in the form of an L, a long addition extending from the rear of the main building. The fire had evidently started in the roof of this extension, close to the main structure, and without doubt from a rocket falling on the roof. This rear extension was but two stories high, while the main building was three. The strong breeze had caused the flames to eat their way at once into the rooms in this third story just above the roof, of which Morris's was one. Their furniture and contents were entirely destroyed.

Frank Danforth, after an examination of the scene, again turned his footsteps toward the Follett residence, to ascertain the condition of Morris, whom he had left under the care of Dr. Andrews. The latter was just coming out of the gate as Frank came up, and they walked together up the street.

"His condition is in no wise serious," replied the doctor in response to his inquiry. "He was overcome by the smoke and hot air he breathed, and will be all right in a day or two. The cut on his head is a trifling flesh wound, of no importance."

Dr. Andrews's house was but two doors away, as the reader already knows, and Frank was bidding his companion good night, when Jennie appeared at the door.

"Frank, is that you? I'm so glad! Bring him in with you papa! I must see him!"

"Why, it's past 1 o'clock, daughter! Cannot you postpone your talk till to-morrow—or, rather, till some time during the day?"

"No, I can't! I've been waiting for you, papa, and that Frank is with you is a perfect godsend! Come in, Frank; papa can play propriety for us, even if it is so late! Besides, I want him to hear what I have to say!"

"Very well, then, daughter! Come in, Frank; of course you know you are welcome at any time; but I am dead tired, and no doubt you are. However, we will find out what this little flyaway wants of us."

They entered the house, and Jennie, slipping her hand confidingly within Frank's arm, led the way to the library. The doctor turned up the gas, and the three seated themselves.

"Now let us hear it, daughter! Be as brief as you can."

"Do you suppose, papa, that I would ask you to listen to me at such an unearthly hour if I really were not in earnest? Unless I had something of the greatest importance to tell?"

"Certainly not, daughter. Go on!"

"Very well. First, as a preface: Is Mr. Morris seriously hurt?"

"No. He was merely overcome by smoke and heat. He will be as well as ever in a day or two."

"Very good. Again: Was the fire in his room at the hotel?"

Frank took it upon himself to answer. "It started near there, but extended to his room, and those in the vicinity."

"Are you *sure*, Frank it did not start in his room?"

"Quite sure. It undoubtedly was caused by a rocket falling on the roof of the rear extension of the hotel. The strong wind caused it to burn into the main portion of the building, just where his room was located."

"Oh, I'm *so* glad!" exclaimed the girl, in a tone of relief.

"Why so?" inquired her father.

"I'll tell you presently. Were you down there, Frank, after the fire was extinguished?"

"Yes, I have just come from there."

"Were you in Mr. Morris's room?"

"Yes, in what was left of it."

"And what is left?"

"Nothing but a small portion of the floor, and enough of the walls to show where they once were."

"Is there any of the furniture left?"

"No."

"Was anything saved from the room?"

"Nothing."

"Was his trunk burned?"

"I suppose so. If he had a trunk in the room, it certainly was destroyed."

"Are you *sure*?"

"Quite sure."

"What on earth are you driving at, daughter?" exclaimed her father in astonishment.

"That is what I am going to tell you. I only want to be certain whether that trunk, and all its contents were burned."

"I don't think there can be any doubt of it," replied Frank.

"Now please think, Frank! The trunk stood near the further left hand corner, as you stood in the doorway."

"Then it must be utterly destroyed. That corner of the room was the one first attacked by the flames, and nothing is left save some of the rafters of the floor."

"How do you know where the trunk stood, Jennie?" asked her father in surprise. Have you ever been in the room?"

"Yes, papa, I have."

"When?"

"That is what I am going to explain. Papa—Frank—I committed burglary to-night!"

"Burglary!" echoed both her hearers.

"Yes, burglary!" and her eyes danced with fun for the moment. "I was in that room this very evening!"

The doctor was speechless with surprise. Frank looked gravely at her. "Won't you please explain?" asked he. "Of course you do not expect us to take you in sober earnest."

"Yes, but I *do*, Frank! There—please don't look at me that way! Give me time to explain!" she expostulated, her eyes filling with tears as she noted her lover's face.

"That is what we are doing, daughter," interrupted the doctor. Go on with your explanation."

"Well, Frank," resumed Jennie, "you remember our conversation last evening. You know how worried I was about Anna Pearce's sudden engagement to Morris, when I knew she didn't love him?"

"Yes."

"After you left, I came to the conclusion that the secret of the matter must lie in something contained in that powder keg he dug up in the old Willson cemetery, so I——"

"One moment, Jennie. What is this powder keg matter? Do you know, Frank?"

"Yes, sir, I know of it. Have you——"

"No, papa don't know a word about it," interrupted Jennie. "I never told anybody but you. Please tell him, Frank!"

So Frank related in brief Jennie's adventure at the old cemetery, and Morris's mysterious find.

"Well, well!" ejaculated the doctor. "What on earth could it have contained?"

"That is what I would give much to find out," answered Frank. "We can only conjecture, bift it is likely——"

"There is no conjecture about it, Frank!" put in Jennie, eagerly, "I know what was in it!"

"You know? How?"

"Didn't I say I committed burglary to-night?"

"What do you mean by that, daughter? Please explain," said the doctor.

"I'm trying to, papa! But if you keep interrupting me so unbearably, how can I? No, no, papa! Forgive me! I am worried and excited—I did not mean to say that. I will tell you, if you will both listen and not interrupt."

Jennie went on and related in detail her visit to Morris's room, her finding of the papers in the valise, packed away in the trunk, and her return home. The doctor was much disturbed over his daughter's imprudence, to give her escapade no harsher name. Frank, on the contrary, sat quite still, and listened attentively; but his pale face and knitted brow showed how deeply he felt on the subject.

"I had noped," said the doctor, concluding his comments on her conduct, "that you had learned wisdom as you left childhood behind you. This prank is the most serious you ever committed, Jennie. I am astounded—mortified!"

Jennie's eyes was swimming in tears. She glanced at her father, and then looked anxiously, appealingly, at Frank. She could not interpret the expression on his face. "Are you going to scold me too, Frank?" she ventured, pliteously.

"Not at all." His voice was hard, his words curt.

"Do you disapprove so very much? Remember, it was the only way to save Anna from that—that villain!"

"You argue that the end justified the means."

"No, I don't mean that! But why don't you scold me, if you feel like it? I'd much sooner you would do that, than to look at me as you do!" She bowed her head, with its wealth of curling brown hair, dropped on the table before her, and Jennie burst into a fit of weeping.

"There, there, Jennie! You and Frank may settle that at your leisure! It is too late at night to go into a lovers' quarrel! Tell us what the papers were that you found!"

Jennie shook her head energetically between her sobs, her face still hidden.

"Why not?" demanded her father.

The girl struggled for ecmposure. Then drying her tear-stained face on her handkerchief she replied:

"I can't! Oh, I can't talk, if Frank is going to be angry with me!" and again she buried her face in her hands and relapsed into tears.

Dr. Andrews looked from one to the other somewhat quizzically; then he rose, and crossing the room to the young man, bent his head to say to him in an undertone:

"She meant it well, Frank, and didn't realize the enormity of the thing she did. I will leave you now. Punish her if you like, but don't forget to temper justice with mercy. She loves you dearly, as one may see. She did not care for my scolding, but she could not bear even a look from you!" Pressing his hand, the doctor left the room.

Frank stood a moment looking at the girl as she sat with bowed head, sobbing like a grieved child. He was much disturbed over her escapade, indeed shocked that she should indulge in such a wild caper. Yet, as he gazed on her, weeping over his anger, a tide of tenderness for her surged over him. He could not remember of her finding only knew that he loved her.

Dropping on one knee beside her, he gently placed his arm around her, and drew her head to his shoulder. "Dear little sweetheart, don't cry!" he murmured.

"Oh, Frank, Frank! will you forgive me?" exclaimed she, lifting a piteous little face, with red and swollen eyes and trembling lips, to his own.

"Forgive you, you reckless little girl? How can I do otherwise?"

"You will? Freely and fully?"

"Freely and fully, Jennie! How could I do otherwise, you poor, grieving little darling?"

"O Frank, how happy you have made me!" and she lifted her face to his to be kissed as might a petted child.

"Oh, Frank, I'll never, never do another thing that you or papa could possibly object to!" exclaimed Jennie, ten minutes after, when peace having been fully restored, she sat with nothing but a suspicious redness about her eyes to mark the spent storm. "Now may I tell you all about those papers?"

"Yes, if you wish. But had you not better call your father?"

Jennie darted from the room, and returned with the doctor. "Well, now, if you have gotten quite ready, I should like to hear the rest of your discovery," said he, yawning slightly. "It is rather late, and if you and Frank can get along without any more private differences, perhaps I need not abandon the hope of getting a little sleep, after all."

"As quick as I can, papa," responded Jennie. "Well, first, there were two wills, just alike, made by old Eben Willson—Anna Pearce's grandfather."

"Yes," said Frank. "What was their nature?"

"They gave to Mrs. Pearce—Anna's mother—the old home farm, and mansion, the shares of Nathan Willson and his sister—Mrs. Follett—Harry's mother."

Frank nodded. "I know the provisions of the will perfectly. What else was there?"

"Well, first, there was a very queer writing, signed by Nathan Willson, stating that the will of his father had come into his possession after the death of the latter, had been found by him among some of the old man's papers, in some out-of-the-way place, after a previous will had been probated; that it gave to his own sister, Mrs. Pearce, a larger share of the property than he thought she was entitled to, and that he had therefore kept it to himself; that he had been worried over the matter, and to do justice to his sister's child, she being dead, he should place the will and the letters that his father had received from Mrs. Pearce, which had been found by him with the will, accompanied by this explanatory paper, in a secure place, and that he should notify the child's guardian as to the proper time, where they might be found after his death; and that a sufficient sum of money should be placed in the same place to make up to Anna the amount of which his action had defrauded her mother."

The old doctor was much disturbed. He walked up and down the room a time or two, and then turning to the young man, exclaimed: "What do you think of that, Frank?"

"I think all of the story save the latter portion," replied Danforth. And thereupon he proceeded to acquaint the two with the other facts in the case. "There is one missing link," said he, as he concluded; "and that is, how Morris found out about these papers, and their extraordinary hiding-place."

"I can explain that, I think," said the doctor. "I attended Nathan Willson in his last illness, and one day took, at his request, a letter to the postoffice, addressed to some one in Iowa. I do not recall the name, but it must have been to Morris."

"Why did not Morris come sooner to unearth it?" pursued Frank.

"That I can tell," eagerly put in Jennie. "Folded in the package was a letter to Morris, telling him where to find the papers; but it did not mention any money. It merely said there were a lot of old letters and family papers hidden in the old cemetry, stating where he should dig to find them, and saying that Anna ought to have them when she came of age."

"So Morris did not know there was any money there until he had opened the package?"

"Certainly not. There was a little over fifteen thousand dollars in bonds and securities there, as I found by the memorandum book. It was kept as an 'account of money in trust for sister Anna's child;' that is, that was the heading."

"Why was Nathan Willson so foolish as to bury that amount of money in such a place?" queried Frank.

"That is a point on which I can throw some light," answered Dr. Andrews. "I was his physician, and would have to declare, should the matter be brought into the courts, that he was undoubtedly insane. His mental constitution was extremely erratic. In regard to money, he joined the instinct of the miser to that strict sense of justice which he inherited from his Puritan ancestors. His lack of mental balance would account fully for his apparent conduct in this matter. He could not bear to give up the money which he had inherited under the first will of his father, and hence canceled the existence of the second will which he accidently found among his father's papers. Yet his conscience would not allow him to retain the rightful he

Recent Literature.

NEW BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Marriage and Divorce in the United States—Society Gymnastics—An I. D. B. in South Africa—An Hour with Delsarte—Andersonville Violets—Other Books, Pamphlets and Magazines—Literary Notes.

J. P. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, issue a volume entitled "Marriage and Divorce in the United States," the sub-title explaining it further "As They Are and As They Ought to Be." The author is D. Convers, and his object he states is to prove and illustrate the statement that marriage and divorce in the United States of America are in an unsatisfactory condition. The book is addressed to the general reader. Those interested in these subjects will look it over with interest.

"Society Gymnastics and Voice-Culture," by Genevieve Stebbins, is published by Edgar S. Werner, New York. This is a Delsarte primer for class use. Regular lessons are given which are a concise, comprehensive, plain and practical embodiment of the philosophy of this French teacher of bodily grace and harmony.

"An I. D. B. in South Africa" is by Louise Vescelius-Sheldon. An "I. D. B." is an illicit diamond broker—a man who buys stones from natives who steal them while working in the mines. One of these brokers, a Scotchman named Laure, is the title character in Mrs. Sheldon's book; he has a beautiful wife with some Zulu blood and fire in her, and she falls in love with one of her husband's friends. Suddenly the husband is visited by detectives, but the stone for which they are searching is hidden by the wife in the eye socket of a servant who has lost one of his organs of vision. The husband is saved, but his wife's respect for him is gone. The couple, with the diamond, go to England on a steamer on which is the wife's lover. At the dock the husband is claimed by a wife whom he had deserted in Scotland. It is a stirring story by a woman who knows the scene of which she writes, and it is profusely illustrated with fine photogravures.—Published by John W. Lovell Co., New York.

"An Hour with Delsarte," is further described as "A Study of Expression." The author is Anna Morgan, who seems to be thoroughly imbued with admiration for the studies which she has here laid before the students in expression. The work is well done, placing before the reader a clear and concise description of the methods of this school. The illustrations accompanying the text are admirable. Lee & Shepard, Boston, are the publishers, and they have brought out the work in the most admirable manner, making it attractive in appearance, aside from its value in other respects.

From the same publishers comes a little book entitled "One Glorified," which is made up of poems and passages of consolation especially for those bereaved by the loss of children. It was edited by Elizabeth Howard Foxcroft, and a pathetic value is given to the work that immediately after its conclusion, her own pen was laid down forever.

"Andersonville Violets" is a story of Northern and Southern life by Herbert W. Collingwood. Its object, the author states, is to assist its readers in looking at the war, its causes and results coolly and dispassionately. It opens among the Georgia hills at Andersonville, the first chapter introducing a sentinel on guard named Jacob Foster, one of the principal characters in the story which follows. It is full of interesting and many very pathetic incidents are told which bring back the old days of the war. A story of this kind will always find readers, so long as the memory of those years of struggle lasts. Published by Lee and Shepard.

"The Last American" is a fragment from the journal of an admiral in the Persian navy, who visits the United States in the year 2951, almost a thousand years after this Republic had ceased to exist. It is quaintly and somewhat satirically written. Its bearing may be explained by the dedication, which reads: "To the liberal statesman who is more than satisfied with himself and his country." Edited by J. A. Mitchell and published by Frederic A. Stokes & Brother, New York.

D. Appleton & Co., New York, issue "A Manual of Instruction in the Principles of Prompt Aid to the Injured" which is designed for military and civil use. The author is Alvox H. Doty, M. D., who speaks from experience. The book is a useful one.

A little gem is "The Holmes Birthday Book" which is made up of quotations for each day of the year from the works of Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose writings are too well-known to need any further word or commendation of this little volume. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

A very pretty piece of music is that entitled "Nina's Slumber Song" which has become popular through its successful rendering by N. Bert St. John who is also the author, in the play of "Little Nugget." It is one of those bright little things which always touch the heart and fancy of an audience. The piano arrangement is by A. D. Scammell. Published by F. J. Schwankovsky, Detroit, Mich.

The following pamphlets have been received by THE BLADE:

"The Man From the West," a novel descriptive of adventures, by a Wall Street Man. This belongs to the Echo series, published by Pollard & Moss, New York.

From T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, comes "The Confessions of an Abbi," by Louis Ulbach; "Indiana," a novel by George Sand, and "Rena, or the Snow-bird," by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

In the "Globe Library," published by Rand McNally & Co., Chicago, is "The Ladies' Gallery," by Justin McCarthy, M. P., and Mrs. Campbell Praed; "The Englishman of the Rue Cain," by Hall Caine; and "Is Marriage a Failure?" by Harry Quilter. From the same publishers comes also "Facts about the Salvation Army," or the Aims and Methods of the "Hallelujah Band," by Nora Marks.

Literary Notes.

Oscar Fay Adams is engaged upon a life of Jane Austen.

The forthcoming new edition of the works of Erockmann-Chatrian, including "Waterloo" and "The Conscript," will be in six uniform volumes.

Mrs. Burnett's new story, "The Pretty Sister of Jose," has already reached a sale of over 10,000 copies, although published but a fortnight.

A new story by "Josiah Allen's wife" (Miss Marietta Holley), has just received its finishing touches. Miss Holley is at present visiting in New York.

The memorial fund to Matthew Arnold has now reached the sum of $30,000, and a meeting of subscribers is to be held at once to determine upon its disposition.

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's papers on the "Inauguration of Washington in 1789" have been gathered into an illustrated volume which will be published by White & Allen as a souvenir of the coming celebration.

Macmillan & Co. have just ready F. Marion Crawford's latest novel "Greifenstein," the scene of which is laid in South Germany, principally in the Black Forest. Some charming bits of German university life are given.

New books announced by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are: "Birds Through an Opera Glass," by Florence A. Merriam; "Up and Down the Brooks," by Mary E. Bamford, and "The Story of Patsy," by Kate Douglass Wiggin.

In the *Book Buyer* for May will be found a new portrait recently taken of George Bancroft, and likenesses also of Ellen Olney Kirk, the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent," and Sallie Pratt McLean, the author of "Cape Cod Folks."

Harper & Bros. have just ready "Further Reminiscences," a second volume of "My Autobiography and Reminiscences," by W. P. Frith, the distinguished Royal Academician. The interest of the new volume upholds the reputation gained by the first.

One of the few English poets who have won their way into American magazines lately is Mrs. Graham R. Tomson, a collection of whose verse is about to be issued by Longmans, Green & Co. The book is called "The Bird-Bride: a Volume of Ballads and Sonnets." The title ballad is an Eskimo legend.

Mr. Edward W. Emerson has written a book upon the private and domestic life of his father, Ralph Waldo Emerson, which admirably supplements Mr. Cabot's biography of Emerson that treated more especially his public career as author and lecturer. The title of the new book is "Emerson in Concord," and Houghton, M. flin & Co. will soon bring it out.

The opening article of the *Chautauquan* for May is by Professor J. A. Harrison, of Washington and Lee University, on "Physical Culture in Ancient Greece." He describes the ideal of education among the people of Hellas as a perfect equilibrium of soul and body, and shows how they worked to obtain it. The article is full of suggestions to modern educators.

The new magazine, *Poet-Lore*, ought to succeed. Its make-up is dainty and winsome, and its contents are fresh and substantial. A magazine "devoted to Shakespeare, Browning, and the comparative study of literature," if smartly managed, ought surely to find its field broad enough. The April number, besides a lot of notes and society reports, has a good article by Morton W. Easton on "Tendencies of English and French Literature During the Elizabethan Period."

Hubbard Bros., Philadelphia, have in press an illustrated volume to be entitled "Living Leaders of the World." It will contain short biographies of men and women now most prominent all over the world. The portraits, mostly from new photographs, to accompany these biographies, will be in steel plate, photogravure, and wood-cut. Many well known authors are engaged upon the biographies.

SALTING A TENDERFOOT.

An Illustration of the Fact That Providence Works in a Mysterious Way.

A dozen years ago, when Eastern tenderfoot capitalists were as thick as blackberries in the West, and every single man of them was ready to buy a silver mine before breakfast, four of us who had jumped an old claim in Nevada, put up a job to catch a sucker. We went down about twelve feet with a shaft, struck "indications," and then raked and scraped for specimens to "salt" with. We sold our revolvers and everything else we could spare, and when we had the bait ready not one of us could have put up enough money to pay a week's board in advance. We placed our figures at $20,000, and as I was the smoothest talker of the quartette I was selected as the spider to walk the fly into our parlor. I went up to Virginia City, and, after a couple of days, I got hold of a Boston man. He was not only green, but powerful anxious to be taken in. He was loaded down with money and overflowing with confidence. Our first conversation ran about as follows:

"Are you looking for an investment in mining property?"

"I am, sir. Have you anything in that line?"

"Yes, sir. I own a one-fourth interest in a claim that we believe to be very rich."

"One-fourth? Oh, I want the whole thing. I don't want no partners in this enterprise."

"But I think you can buy all of us out."

"That alters the case. I'll look at your claim and make you an offer."

I took him out there. He didn't believe he knew the first thing about ore, but he descended the shaft, looked around a bit, and when we had hauled him up he said:

"Doesn't seem to be overly rich, but I'll chance it. I'll give you $16,000 in cash for your right, title, and interest."

We closed on that, transferred our rights, and shook hands over necks to get out of the country before any climax came. The old chap was the butt of ridicule for several weeks, but people then began to laugh the other way. He got men and machinery to work, sunk three or four shafts, and inside of a year he took over $100,000 worth of ore out of that claim. Inside of three years he took out a million, and then sold to syndicate for double that sum. I met him after he had drawn $200,000 in Denver, and he held out his hand and said:

"Why, my dear man, I'm glad to see you. Have often wondered where you went to. It was a pity you poor fellows were obliged to sell out so cheap. Here, take a couple of hundred to get a clean shave and a new suit of clothes!"

GOSSIP ABOUT WOMEN.

Perfectly Harmless Chatter About People More or Less Well Known.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher is soon to begin housekeeping in Brooklyn.

Olive Logan thinks that the domestic economy of the French consists in doing without things.

Mrs. Wanamaker, in Paris, is said to receive flowers from her Philadelphia home each week.

Mary Kyle Dallas, who has been writing serials for a quarter of a century, has just published her first book.

Fiery-tongued gossip says there is jealousy between Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain and Lady Randolph Churchhill.

The entertainments given jointly by Mrs. Lippincott (Grace Greenwood) and Miss Story are most successful.

Thirty-five thousand dollars has been collected for the widow and daughter of Matthew Arnold by Lord Coleridge.

The display of women's work at the coming International Exposition in Paris will include exhibits from over thirty countries.

Baroness Vetsera and Mlle. Loesinger are the latest in the long line of women who have infatuated the rulers and magnates of the world.

In her new book Mme. Blavatsky contends that Americans are destined to form a new race, which will succeed the present race of Europeans.

Two Texan women are the largest individual stock owners in the world. The Willow Callahan owns 50,000 sheep. Mrs. Rogers is worth about $1,000,000.

Ladies are frequently employed to serve writs, and as inquiry agents in London. The essentials for such employes are "secrecy, intelligence and presence."

It is asserted that Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Burnett and Amelie Rives-Chanler have more readers than Mrs. Stowe, Charlotte Bronte or George Eliot ever had.

An establishment for teaching housewifery has been founded by Miss Forsyth of London. It is to be known as the Forsyth Technical College Company (Limited.)

Recent Changes at Niagara Falls.

There have been recently two very heavy falls of rock at Niagara Falls. At first a mass of rock fell from the Horseshoe Falls, and twenty-four hours after another mass was precipitated into the abyss below, with a noise so closely resembling that of an earthquake as to alarm the residents of the neighborhood. The result of the displacement is a change in the shape of the fall. Formerly the Canadian portion of the fall could be described as horseshoe; but the breaking away of rocks in the centre some years ago made it V-shaped. Now that a further displacement has occurred, the fall has returned to its old condition. It is, of course, generally known that the falls of Niagara are gradually moving to the south. The deep cut through the solid rock marks the course they have taken in their backward movement. It is a wonderful excavation, a chasm dug out by the sheer force of water.—*Scientific American.*

Who laughs last laughs best. Before you lost your hair you laughed at your friend's bald head. Now your friend laughs at you. Use

Warner's Log Cabin HAIR TONIC

and renew your hair, then you can laugh again. $1.00 of all druggists.

A Curious Story.

The natives of the Gilbert group of islands have just enjoyed a veritable windfall. A large ship with a full cargo and nobody on board sailed into their harbor. The vessel was the British ship Rock Terrace, and the strange part about the matter is that the ship was abandoned by her crew about twelve months ago, and instead of foundering soon she drifted on and on until she reached the Gilbert Islands. She left Philadelphia for Japan in September, 1887, with a cargo of oil and phosphates valued at $125,000. When near the Philippine Islands the crew abandoned their vessel, landing on an island close by, all of them being saved. Nothing further was heard of her, and the underwriters paid the sum for which she was insured. She had but a few inches of water in her hold, and was in fair condition. She was owned in St. John, N. B.—*Chicago Commercial Bulletin.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE BITTER END OF IT.

[Judge.]

Brother Tom—"Why do you let that little cad pay you so much attention? I told you he was nothing but a frippish dude!"

Miss Curlingham—"Heavens, Tom, I thought you said British duke! and I've about half promised to marry him."

NO USE TO TRY.

Young Married Couples Can't Conceal Their Happiness From the Envious World.

It is a Pullman porter, who is talking to an attentive scribe:

"Hardly a week goes by," says the porter, "that I don't see a bridal couple just starting out on their honeymoon. I don't exactly know how I can tell them, but they are as plainly marked to my eyes as if they had the words 'bride' and 'groom' stamped in big letters on their foreheads. There is something about them that gives the whole situation away; a kind of a cling-right-next-to-me-darling air. Of course, I have made a mistake now and then, but it is very seldom I do, and I've often found out, after changing my mind two or three times, that I was right after all, though certain appearances were against it. We generally have a test which never fails, and when a doubtful party comes along we spring it on them, just to be sure, you know.

"What's the test? Well, I'll tell you. Not many weeks ago a couple got into my car and sat down very quietly in their armchairs as if they had been used to it all their lives. These didn't seem to have the bride and groom air about them at all, and from external appearances they might have been brother and sister or married for years, but still there was a something there that made me suspicious, so when I saw them together I went to the news company's boy and I says: 'Bill, here's a doubtful party; get out the sample copies.'

"So Bill got his tests and started through the car. He handed books to everybody, and when he came to the suspected party he took out of his pile two little books and said, so nearly everybody could hear him: 'Very useful books, sir; hints on housekeeping on limited income; newly married people. Only 25 cents.'

"That did it. The girl got as red as a rose and the man blushed and said a weak sort of 'N-n-n-no.' Then they looked at each other and sort of snickered, and I caught him full in the eye and smiled a sweet smile, giving him a respectful wink at the same time. It was all settled in a minute, and there was no doubt about it. Well, he took it very good naturedly, and asked me afterward how in the world he had given himself away—he couldn't imagine. I made believe we could always tell, and talked so nicely he gave me a dollar when I got through.

"There are plenty of other giveaways by which I can spot a bride and a groom, and they are easy to generally tell the tenth. One day a couple came in the car—which, by the way, was jamful—and the moment they entered it was plain as day that they were newly wedded. I passed by them one or twice, and then went to my closet and got the dustpan and brush. I walked right up to where the bride was sitting and dusted up a panful of rice that lay on the floor around her in a complete circle. Well, if the people in that car didn't laugh, I'm another.

"The custom of throwing rice after a bridal couple always makes it unpleasant for the party, as lots of rice is almost sure to stick to their clothes, hats, and in their hair. About the funniest rice thing I ever saw was that which happened in my car just two or three weeks ago. A couple came in, and the test revealed to me that they were bride and groom. They didn't seem to take kindly to it, however, and we couldn't get any satisfaction out of them at all. By and by the man said to his wife: 'Seems to me this umbrella is not rolled up very nice.'

"Then he carefully unrolled it, and, bezing! out came three or four pocketfuls of rice all over the seats and floor. Their friends had rolled up a lot inside the folds of the umbrella, and, next to the young man I heard tell about, who, when he went to sign his name in a hotel register, dropped a lot of rice on the book when he took off his hat, it was the most binding thing I ever knew."—*Philadelphia Record.*

FEMALE FARMERS.

Will the coming young woman be a farmer?

Scattered all over the broad prairies of the Northwest are hundreds of self-reliant, true-blue young heroines, living in small, isolated cabins called shacks, proving up claims, entering homesteads and making money.

Four young ladies in Dakota last year put their heads together and hit upon an ingenious plan, whereby they could each secure a claim and yet all five comfortably together in one house and each be upon her own land. Instead of building four shacks with one room each, they constructed one shack with four rooms, but so nicely planned that each room of the square building was on a different quarter section. Each had her own bed in her own room and in that way, each claimant at night slept upon her own land.

Society ladies of the city will wonder, not so much how these young lady settlers get along without social privileges, as how they dared live so far away from the doctors. Why, bless you! they never thought of being sick. Doctors are not half so much of a household necessity as city people are in the habit of thinking.

For all the ordinary ills of life, the old-fashioned roots and herbs remedies are more effective, and much safer in results, than modern doctors' pills and potions.

It is always safest to follow natural methods in treating disease. The old time roots and herbs remedies, which our good old log cabin grandmothers knew so well how to prepare, were the best medicines the world ever knew, because they were nature's remedies.

The modern world needs them. In Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, and especially such as Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy, the people of to-day have an opportunity to secure the healthy medicines which our rugged ancestors used with such splendid results.

Elijah's Horror of Rats.

I learn from a most reliable authority that Elijah Whitfield Halford, private secretary to the President of the United States, is awfully afraid of rats. He will face a tiger in the jungles of Indianapolis or a dog-fight in the highway to Washington without flinching, but when it comes to rats Elijah runs, and the White House is swarming with them. A friend of Elijah's tells me that after the fire in Chicago, when they were both residing there, the streets of the city were full of rats that had been driven into the streets by the destruction of their homes, and he says the reason Elijah went back to Indianapolis was the terror the rodents constantly excited in his breast. While walking along the street one night with Elijah he was amazed to see the latter give a jump and a shriek and start off at a pace and in a manner that reminded him of the incident in the Scriptures where the evil one entered into the swine and they all ran violently down into the sea and were drowned. He followed after "Lige" at the best speed he could make, and finally overtook him, when he asked an explanation.

"Didn't you see that rat?" said Mr. Halford.

"No," replied the friend, "I didn't see any rat."

"Well, I did," responded Elijah, "and I always scream and run when I see them. I cannot help it."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

A Temperance Story.

Once upon a Time a very Good and Pious Person saw a Bibulous Man coming out of a Saloon in a state of Mild and Melancholy Intoxication.

"Oh, my Friend," cried the Pious Person, "I am very, very Sorry to see you coming out of such a Place."

"Is that so?" replied the Bibulous Man in a thick and Tearful Voice, "Well, I will go right Back Again." And he did so, leaving the Pious Person standing on the sidewalk in Great Amazement.—*Washington Critic.*

TAKE CARE OF YOUR EYES.

Eight Simple Rules Prescribed by a Noted Authority on the Subject.

"But what should I do for my eyes?" asked a *Star* reporter of a famous uptown occulist the other day. "I have always taken good care of them."

"You work in the night time?"

"Yes, I know; but thousands of other men do the same and still have strong eyes."

"That may be so. Probably your eyes are naturally weak. Let me give you a few simple rules that it would be worth your while to make note of. All may not apply to your case, but the rules are worth remembering nevertheless.

"Never sleep opposite a window which will throw a flood of strong light on your eyes when you wake in the morning.

"When bathing the face do not open the eyes under water, as this is apt to be injurious to the epithelial covering of the eye.

"Shades on lamps or gas burners should be of 'milk' or ground glass, never of colored glass.

"The short sighted eye is essentially a diseased eye and should be treated as such. It affects, by preference, those who use their eyes constantly for fine or neat work and is almost unknown among uncivilized nations.

"In all institutions, particularly for children, where the eyes are required to do light work, the proportion of the square surface of the windows to the square surface of the floor should never fall below one to four.

"When children work by light which falls in their faces they are apt to bend the body forward so as to shade the eyes by the head, or else to twist it around so that the light shall fall on the page. Both of these positions are pernicious; there is great danger of the chest becoming narrow and contracted, and of the spine becoming curved.

"The eyes properly take a large basin of cold water, bend the head close over it, and with both hands throw the water with some force on the gently closed lids. This has something of the same effect as a shower bath, and has a toning-up influence which water applied in any other way has not. Another method of accomplishing the same end is by means of a weak decoction of camphor, in which case a little alcohol or bay rum added to the water will somewhat increase the good effect.

"The two sources of trouble with the ordinary artificial lights are first that they are not pure white, and secondly that they are unsteady. The first defect is found in all artificial lights, except the lime, electric and magnesium; the second especially in candles and gas. The yellowness is in a measure counteracted by using in the case of lamps and gas chimneys of a violet or blue tint, and the flickering of gas may be obviated largely by employing an Argand burner. All things considered, a German student lamp furnishes the most satisfactory light."—*New York Star.*

THE EIFFEL TOWER.

How the Tallest Artificial Structure on the Earth Looks To-Day.

The monstrous tower, 984 feet high, designed by Engineer Eiffel for the Paris exposition, has three stories or divisions. The first story is 60 meters high (a meter is equal to 39 inches) and rests on the arches which join the four foundation columns that carry upon them the entire weight of the huge structure.

The tower has four distinct sections. Each wing is provided with a refreshment saloon that may be reached by means of winding staircases under the foundation piers. Notwithstanding the center of the space has been set apart for the elevator, there still remain 4,200 square meters of floor room for the accommodation of visitors who may desire to promenade and enjoy a view of the city from that height.

The apartments are very roomy, and precautions have been taken to insure the visitors against all possibility of accident.

An iron railing about four feet high, with an arched roof to exclude the intense rays of the sun, surrounds the extreme edge of the platform, as it may be called, which has been reserved as a promenade for those who desire to walk about. The requirements for the comfort of the inner man, too, have not been forgotten. Kitchens, storerooms, ice-chests, and the like have been fitted up in the most handy manner imaginable, so that there is little occasion to fear that the supply of stimulating refreshments will give out, even in the days when such lodgings in the hotels and private houses will not be obtainable for love or money. Each one of the four cafes is provided with a cellar capable of storing 200 tuns of wine.

Everything about the structure is absolutely fireproof, for iron is the only material that has been used in its construction. Two thousand persons per hour can ascend and descend the staircases leading to the platform, and 4,000 can find seats to rest upon in the cafes at one time.

The second story, which is sixty metres above the first one, is also reached by four staircases built inside of the supporting columns, which make a sharp inward curve, leaving but 1,400 square metres of surface for the platform and promenade. Here, too, in the commodious and handsomely decorated cafe the thirsty and tired sightseer may find something more potent than Seine water to recuperate his strength.

This story is 91 metres above the tip of the Notre Dame steeple and higher than the tower of the palace of the Trocadero, on the other side of the river, and, as may easily be imagined, the view of the surrounding country to be had from such an altitude is almost indescribable. From here on the columns of the tower fall in toward each other until they ascend a distance of 275 metres above the ground, where the third and last story is situated.

Only one staircase leads to the third story, which is for the exclusive use of the persons employed in the tower, and all visitors are expected to use the elevators, two in number, to reach that point. The platform is eighteen metres square, still large enough to erect thereon a comfortably sized dwelling. The view here is simply superb. The story is equipped with reflecting mirrors and a large supply of field-glasses for those who wish to use them. It has been estimated that the ordinary eye can discern objects 70 miles away.

The terminates in what is known as the lantern, 25 metres above the third section, but this place has been set aside for the use of the scientists for making observations.

The Country School-Houses Need Attention.

Many years ago a distinguished public speaker, who had travelled through a large portion of Western New York, remarked before a large assembly that he could at once distinguish the common school house in any district from other buildings by its unattractive and neglected condition, without a tree or bush to protect it. Another person named a locality where he had seen two magnificent brick barns, supposed to have cost at least $6,000 each, and within a mile of them a district school was in session in a house not costing $500, and badly neglected besides. This contrast between brick barns and unpainted school-houses showed very distinctly the relative estimation in which their horses and their children were held by these farmers.—*Country Gentleman.*

FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. H. T. TURNER, Kasson, Minn., says: "I have found it very beneficial in nervous debility from any cause, and for indigestion."

FREE $35 Solid Gold Watch Sold for $150 until lately by Best Jewelry watch in the world. Perfect time Keeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Elegant and magnificent. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. One Person in each locality can secure one free. How is this possible? Wewant—we want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property, it is possible to make this great offer, sending the Solid Gold watch and Costly samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from $1000 to $5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader, it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure free one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of Costly Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Stinson & Co., Box 352, Portland, Maine.

VOTING IN KANSAS.

HOW WOMEN ACTED AT THE POLLS.

Mrs. Johns, the Well-Known Suffragist, Describes, in a Graphic Manner, the Way in Which Women Voted at the Recent Kansas Election.

EDITOR BLADE:—Our municipal elections are over, and Kansas women have now voted in city elections for the third time, and have polled the biggest vote they've ever yet recorded. They have beaten their record! The history of their participation in these elections shows a steady gain. Each last vote (except in first and second class cities in the old year, and even in some of them) is larger than the preceding. The registration was large, and the vote fell but little below the registration. The woman vote falls no more short of the registration than does the male vote; indeed, I think hardly so much. From many third class cities, of which we have about 230; the message comes to us: "Nearly every woman of voting age in our city went to the polls;" "Our women voted as generally as did the men."

The New York *Sun* recently said that "the women of Kansas went to the polls in large numbers when the privilege was a novelty to them, but that the scandals they brought into the canvass seem to have cured them of their political aspirations." It is a pity for the sake of its own enlightenment that the *Sun* couldn't have looked upon the evidences of our cure on election day. I fancy that the sight of the throngs of women going to the various polling places and quietly depositing the ballots which they had carefully "fixed" before leaving home would have carried the conviction that we Kansas women are not yet "cured" of our "aspiration" to vote. And as to the "scandals" which we "brought into the canvass," the *Sun* would find them unknown here, and would certainly be allowed to take out a patent on their inventions.

There were several things evident in this election: That women have thoughtfully considered the issue involving, and that the result is seen in their better methods; that they have more successes in electing the candidates of their choice; that they have more and more to do with the nominations; that they continue to exhibit the fact that they will not vote for immoral men; that when the choice is between party and morality they vote morality. In short, the women have evinced more partisan spirit in this election than ever before—at least they have more carefully considered the party question in its relation to the possibilities of success in electing a favorite candidate than heretofore; but still they sacrifice the party to the man when a test comes. I have been much interested in watching the effect of our recent gain at the right of it when the choice is between a man who is "not moral," but who has shown himself to be a very decent sort of officer, has enforced the laws and given the city a clean administration, and the man who is unimpeachably moral, actually good, but not good for much,—intentions excellent, but ability not equal. Our women have to take hold of the horns of this dilemma occasionally, and the discussions thus occasioned in our Suffrage societies would interest a student of ethics.

As always, our very best women voted and were in the lead. Our Christian women, the mothers, have an idea that good city government is worth something in bringing up of boys and girls to be good men and women, and they go dutifully and earnestly into the business of securing good city officers. They have a conscience in the matter.

Because of the determination to put the man rather than the party into office, it happens that an unusually large number of Democratic Mayors were this year elected in this Republican state, and women's votes helped to do it. This fact is responsible for the change in the attitude of our Democratic papers towards the women who voted. This year they say handsome things of them, and declare that "the best women voted," last year they intimated that the women who voted were "rather fast." Such is fame!

Newspapers from all parts of the state come to me with comments on the election, and I've looked through them in vain for traces of the "bad women." The "bad women" who were to rush to the polls to the exclusion of good women! Not a word do we hear about them voting now. The opposition will be lost without that stock objection, for I tell you it is gone in Kansas. The bad women are hardly to be found at the polls. They don't want to be seen there for the simple reason that good women are there, and the candidate or faction bringing them out simply does a suicidal thing.

A letter just come to hand mentions a "bad woman" in connection with the election, but she scorned to vote, and worked to prevent the election of a board of women officials.

There seems to be very general satisfaction among the people here with the results of woman's municipal enfranchisement. Nobody complains of it except the class that can never hope for anything from woman's ballot but defeat.

The issues that interest the women most are those that comprehend the enforcement of the prohibitory laws and the suppression of the brothel; next to these come those questions that pertain to the temporal interests of the city, though our women will contend that the first two questions affect the temporal well-being of the city as much as any other. The water works question is a "burning question" in many of our cities, lighting, drainage, free library, bonds—the same issues that call out men to vote bring out women, with always a preponderance of women responding to the call to the rescue of a moral issue.

Kansas women, heretofore opposed to the enfranchisement of women, are awaking to the power for good of the ballot, and many of these voted for the first time in the recent election. I find generally that wherever an earnest, thoughtful woman—one who wishes that the world may be better for her having lived—has been opposed to the ballot for women, she has been unaware of its power, she hasn't known what she could do with it. This knowledge is coming to our woman opposers by various means—one woman gets her awakening when she sees that the election of a school board will affect her wages as a teacher, or involves the choice of teachers for her children; another mother, who thinks she never wanted woman to vote, discovers that she wants a city government that will frown on gambling dens and billiard saloons with "sweet cider" (?) attachments. I know a woman who says she has always "regarded it as disgraceful for a woman to register and vote," who did both this year as preliminary to making application for the postoffice. The "moving whip" was not noble, but she learned that disgrace attaches to no woman in the performance of this honorable privilege of citizenship. Other women voted for the first time because it is now the popular thing to vote. The "nicest" women vote; therefore all the would-be nice women feel compelled to vote too. Madam Grundy is smiling upon women at the polls, and her worshippers will all be there at the next regular election.

We hear of only one argument against woman suffrage deduced from our last election. It is this: The politicians don't know where to find the women. They "can't organize the women!" They complain that the women are an "unknown quantity." They regard us with fear. It would be comical if it wasn't so earnest to see the throes of the ward politicians. They dare not, since the disasters of the first election in which the women participated here, bring out the "women of the baser sort," and they can't get within speaking distance of the other sort of women, and they are at their wits' end. No wonder these fellows hate woman suffrage. After the advent of woman voters their occupation's gone. LAURA M. JOHNS.

Salina, Kan., April 8, 1888.

—Everything which belongs to pure, healthy blood is imparted by Hood's Sarsaparilla. A trial will convince you of its merit.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

BATTLE OF SUGAR CREEK.

BY "OLD DAD," EMPORIA, KAN.

COMRADE, in THE BLADE of March 21, asks that some one "who was there," should write an account of the battle of Sugar Creek, Ark., February 17, 1862. As a few preliminary remarks will not be out of order, I shall refer back to February 15, the evening that we struck "Pap" Price at Crane creek, where his forces had stopped for the night after their first day's march from Springfield, Mo. We had a lively little skirmish with them, but they got away, leaving us several beeves they had just killed, some dressed and some only partially so.

The next evening (a little earlier) we encountered them just south of Cassville, Mo., where there was some skirmishing, and an artillery duel, as we called it. That was the first time we had heard the music of shells. Price got away again, as soon as it was too dark for us to follow him. The next day, about 3 o'clock, we struck them at Sugar creek. Price had planted a battery on the ridge on the south side of the creek. The creek bottom was, perhaps, one-third of a mile in width, and the road from the north, after getting into the bottom, extended west, up the bottom about half a mile, and offered a splendid opportunity for him to have destroyed our cavalry troops. Some were halted at the foot of the hill, when the 4th Iowa battery came up and an artillery fight ensued, during which we were marched to the valley and formed, the shells from both sides going over our heads.

The artillery duel lasted about 40 minutes, and then Gen. Curtis ordered Col. Ellis, who commanded all the cavalry, to "charge." We moved in a column of four's a little to the west, then south, crossing the creek and about half the bottom, then up the hill about half a mile, (with a total rise of about 100 feet) when we struck Price's rear guard and scattered them. About a quarter of a mile on the table land we struck their line where, as Comrade Butts says, "They fired that one volley, killing four and wounding seven of our company." Three of the wounded died soon after; our sergeant-major was also killed, and several others of the regiment wounded. We also lost about 25 horses.

When the charge was ordered, Co. G, 1st Iowa, was at the head of the column (the writer was on the right of the second set of fours.) We started in good order and kept it until half way up the hill, when some of the horses, badly jaded with several days' march, began to lag. After that, as our officers were shouting "Charge!" and the buglers sounding it all the time, out to go as you please; those having the best horses went ahead. Four of us were soon a little ahead of all others, and struck Price's line and went through it before the volley was fired. Those that were next to us received the volley and were the ones who were killed and wounded. If Corporals King, Logan, and Mathews, and Private Hyder were still living, I would like to know what occurred after we charged through the line, but will not unless some of the "boys" should so request. I will say that we all lost our horses, killed or disabled, and that we were all more or less wounded.

Comrade Butts says Price made a very foolish stand. I think he had to check us, to keep us from capturing his train. It was the next day that I think I saw 300 wagons, and a mighty effort was being made to get them out of our way. I think a large portion of them could have been captured, anyhow, if Gen. Curtis had pushed things. If the 9th Iowa regiment, the 4th Iowa battery (I think it was the 4th; there was one Iowa regiment and battery that were blue overcoats, which used to call the Black regiment and battery) had been pushed ahead and well supported, we might have captured part of the train; but Curtis did not seem to see things as well as we did.

Fall in, boys, you who fought "mit Curtis and Sigel," at Pea Ridge and vicinity, and let us hear from you through the CAMP FIRE.

THE VIDETTE'S REVENGE.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—When the union army was in winter quarters at Stevensburg, in the winter of '63 and '64, the brigade commanded by Gen. Tom Smyth was on picket on Morton's Ford, on the Rapidan, and camped on and about Stony Mountain.

The picket line was somewhat extended, and crossed Robison run, near the Rapidan river, which was about three feet deep and perhaps six to eight rods wide at the place of the picket line.

One afternoon about 4 o'clock the officer of the picket, Capt. Blank, rode down the line in the rear of the vidette, and after riding by the sentry, stopped, turned about and gave the vidette a severe reprimanding for not halting him. Of course the only thing the sentry could do was to "stand and take it," which he did.

After he was relieved from his post he went to the sergeant and obtained permission to exchange a horse with a comrade who was on the post at the bank of Robinson run. He took his turn as vidette, and awaited the return of the officer of the picket. It so happened that the officer was delayed until after dark, and of course every one who approached a picket post then was challenged, or should have been. After hearing the sound of a horse's tread was heard approaching from the opposite side of the run, and now was the time for the spunky vidette to get his revenge. He waited until the horse was in mid-stream and then called out:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Col. Blank, officer of the picket."

"Dismount, and come forward with the countersign."

"I am Col. Blank, officer of the picket, let me come on shore."

"Don't care a —— who you are; dismount or I'll fire."

There was no compromise and the Colonel dismounted in three feet of ice cold water, and, leading his horse, came out to the bank and gave the countersign. Seeing it was the same sentry he had so lately reprimanded for not halting him in daylight, he passed on down the line, coinciding, no doubt, that the sentry had been a match for him in one military move at least.

It was many days before the Colonel heard the last of it, for "officer of the picket" was often heard on the side of Stony mountain.—J. E. STANNARD, Co. G, 14th Conn. Vols., Welaka, Florida.

THOMAS AND JOHNSON.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I noticed in issue of March 28, a contribution to the CAMP FIRE in regard to the "Loyal Tennesseans." I will add that a braver set of men I never saw.

The regiment to which I belonged left Camp Oliver, Toledo, O., in September, 1861. We crossed the Ohio river at Cincinnati about 3 o'clock p. m., and took train at Covington, Ky., for Lexington, Ky., where we arrived that evening. We took charge of the depot for that night, and next day went to Frankfort, but soon returned. Next evening we boarded the cars, went to Nicholasville, Ky., stayed in the wo

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

The Mexican War—The Cession of Upper California.

F. I. P., Garden City, Kan., asks: "After the subjugation of Mexico why was she not absorbed and annexed to the United States as a trophy of military conquest and aggrandizement? Had Germany or England been the victors, their national prowess would have undoubtedly been thus extended. Why did the United States not promulgate her unconditional terms of peace during the negotiations at Guadaloupe Hidalgo? As it was, on the payment of the United States of an indemnity of $15,000,000 to Mexico for territory thus ceded, the United States simply paid for what she got, and gained nothing in military prestige thereby."

The cause of the Mexican war was this: Texas, then a part of Mexico, declared her independence in 1836, but it was not acknowledged by Mexico. In December, 1845, at the request of Texas, she was admitted into the Union. This led to war with Mexico, of course, Mexico was not "subjugated," nor could the United States have annexed it without a long and bloody guerilla warfare, and more than likely the interference of some foreign power. The war was waged on our part to compel the recognition of Texan independence and its consequent right to apply, as an independent nation, for admission to the Union. Upper California (as it was then called) was ceded by the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo to the United States, and paid for. It was not a "conquest" taken by force of arms. This purchase was prompted by the desire to extend slave territory, of course, and was bitterly opposed by a very large number of the American people.

2.—There is no published list of railway postal clerks, etc., with their wages. Nor is there any volume published on the inner workings of the various departments. The nearest you can come to the latter is the Congressional Directory, published annually, which gives, briefly, the duties of each bureau, division, etc., of each department.

The Origin of the Apostles' Creed.

M. W., Portland, Mich.: 1.—The Apostles' Creed, so-called, in its original form, dates back at least to the middle of the second century. The following is the oldest form and the additions made later. Read it, omitting the portions in parentheses, and you have the oldest form known. The portions in parenthesis are later additions:

"I believe in God the Father Almighty (Maker of heaven and earth): and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, (dead,) and buried: (he descended into hell,) the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father (Almighty); from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy (catholic) church, (the communion of saints;) the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; (and the life everlasting). Amen.

The nucleus of this creed is supposed to have been in the formula of baptism, "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," to which other articles were appended, the whole forming a summary of historical statements from the New Testament regarding the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. There is a tradition that this creed was made by the apostles sitting together, who, as a result, met in Jerusalem, each contributed an article to it; but this story has no historical proof, and is very likely erroneous.

2.—Boulanger's name is pronounced "Boolong-zhay," the *ng* being represented by *ng* is not found in English. It is not the sound "ng" in "song," but a nasalized sound, somewhat like it. It can only be learned by hearing a French native pronounce it. Your question was answered in the BUREAU only a few weeks ago. 3.—We have not the missionary statistics you ask for.

Popular Presidential Vote of 1888.

C. W. L., Parrottsville, Tenn.: The popular vote for President in 1888 was as follows:

States.	Harrison.	Cleveland.	Fisk.	Labor.
Alabama	57,197	117,310	563	10,643
Arkansas	38,732	83,962	614	....
California	124,509	127,781	5,761	1,591
Colorado	50,166	37,542	2,100	1,263
Connecticut	74,584	74,920	4,254	240
Delaware	15,978	16,414	403	....
Florida	26,630	29,561	403	....
Georgia	40,053	100,472	1,302	....
Illinois	370,406	348,278	21,396	7,410
Indiana	263,361	261,018	9,881	2,084
Iowa	211,593	179,877	5,930	2,105
Kansas	182,954	103,708	4,779	97,481
Kentucky	155,184	183,800	5,235	642
Louisiana	20,184	48,941	180	....
Maine	70,452	56,462	2,690	1,345
Maryland	99,208	106,168	4,766	....
Massachusetts	183,406	151,993	8,636	....
Michigan	236,220	213,164	20,944	4,543
Minnesota	146,289	99,664	15,000	....
Mississippi	30,048	85,476	218	....
Missouri	236,502	261,204	4,104	15,853
Nebraska	108,425	80,552	9,434	....
Nevada	7,228	6,528	45	43
New Hampshire	45,567	43,232	1,793	....
New Jersey	144,514	151,493	7,904	....
New York	650,338	635,965	30,227	5,050
North Carolina	131,709	158,395	1,577	....
Ohio	416,454	396,809	24,618	3,452
Oregon	33,288	26,034	1,677	383
Pennsylvania	526,091	441,614	21,248	3,868
Rhode Island	21,969	17,530	1,251	18
South Carolina	18,740	65,825	....	....
Tennessee	158,815	170,720	5,563	48
Texas	88,280	234,883	4,749	....
Vermont	45,192	16,383	1,450	33
Virginia	150,235	151,977	1,578	....
West Virginia	78,491	79,230	....	....
Wisconsin	176,553	155,232	14,277	8,522
Total	5,440,677	5,539,045	257,243	114,623

Soldiers' Rights in Oklahoma.

J. W. S., Arville, Ark.: The proclamation of the President regarding Oklahoma lands declares that only persons entitled under sections 2304 and 2305, Revised Statutes of the U. S., "shall not be abridged"—which means that those sections apply to soldiers and sailors who wish to homestead in Oklahoma, and of course, to those who have already done so. Sec. 2304 declares that every private soldier and officer, seaman, marine and officer, who served in the army or navy or marine corps during the rebellion, for 90 days, who was honorably discharged, shall be entitled to enter upon and receive patents for 160 acres of public land, and be allowed six months after locating his homestead, to make his entry and commence his settlement. Sec. 2305 declares that the time he served shall be deducted from the time required to perfect the title, and if discharged before his term of enlistment had expired, from wounds or disability, the entire term for which he enlisted shall be deducted. Sec. 2306 provides that where anyone has entered less than 160 acres under the homestead laws he shall be permitted to enter a tract large enough to make both entries amount to 160 acres. Sec. 2307 provides that in case of the death of any one entitled to homestead under section 2304, his widow, if unmarried, or in case of her marriage or death, his minor orphan children, through their guardian, shall be entitled to the same benefits under these sections as he would their father; and if he died during his term of enlistment, the entire time of enlistment shall be deducted from the time required to perfect his title.

How Postoffices are Classified.

Subscriber, West Va.: Your question was answered in the BUREAU of Feb. 14. The first-class postoffices are those the salaries of whose postmasters are $3,000 or over; second-class, where the salaries are $2,000 up to $3,000; third-class, where the salaries are $1,000 up to $2,000; fourth-class, where the salaries are less than $1,000. The salary of the postmaster in turn depends upon the annual receipts of the office. Where the annual business is $40,000 the salary is $45,000, the salary is $3,000; where the annual business is $45,000 to $60,000, $3,100; $60,000 to $80,000, $3,200, and so on. In second-class offices, annual receipts of $8,000 to $9,000 give a salary of $2,000 and so on. In third-class offices, receipts from $1,900 to $2,000 bring a salary of $1,000 and so on. Fourth-class postmasters are paid according to the amount of stamps cancelled yearly. Where the total cancellation is $50 or less a year, he receives 100 per cent; for the next $100, 60 per cent; for the next $200, 50 per cent; for anything above that, 40 per cent. We would be obliged if you would observe Rule 1, as to sending your real name and postoffice address, even when your question is written on a separate slip and inclosed in a letter on other business.

Oklahoma Lands.

M. L. H., Belly P. O., Ore.: The Oklahoma lands have been surveyed. Since the Oklahoma proclamation was issued the General Land office has been beset with legal questions from the neighborhood of the new country. One question is as to whether a man who already has a homestead of 80 acres elsewhere can take up another 80 acre homestead in the new territory. This case is covered by a law which was passed by Congress March 2. This provided, among other things, that a man who already had an 80 acre homestead could take up another 80 acres, either contiguous to the 80 or not, anywhere else in the public domain. It virtually increased the homestead from 80 to 160 acres. Another question is concerning the punishment for a man who has already exhausted his homestead right and yet proceeds to take up another. The law provides no punishment, but it is apparent that such a man could be prosecuted for perjury in the oath which he takes when making application for the second homestead, and he would also lose the second homestead. A more puzzling question is in this form: If one man settles upon a piece of land and files his claim to it within the required 30 days, and the same day that the first man settles on the land another man files his claim for that same piece of land at the land office, which of these two has priority?

West Point Appointments, Etc.

H. P. P., Payette, Idaho: 1.—Appointees to West Point must be between the ages of 17 and 22, free from bodily defect or infirmity, able to pass a searching examination in reading, writing, orthography, arithmetic, grammar, geography, map-drawing of every state and territory, and the history of the United States. There is one cadet allowed to each Congressional district, one to each territory, and one to the District of Columbia; and there are also ten appointments at large within the exclusive gift of the President. The appointment from each district is made by the representative in congress from that district. Upon graduation, the cadets are commissioned in the regular army. 2.—The BLADE meant that, as the geographies give Mt. Everest as the highest mountain on the globe, if the Mt. Hercules spoken of was found to be still higher, the geographies would have to be changed, and give the first place to it, instead of Mt. Everest. 3.—The following secretaries of State afterward became Presidents: Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren and James Buchanan.

Emin Pasha.

Student, Delaware, O.: "Emin Pasha" is Dr. Schnitzler, an Austrian who joined the Turkish army some years ago. He was made Governor General of the equatorial provinces of Egypt by the Khedive of that country in 1878, and soon distinguished himself by wonderfully improving the condition of the extensive region under his control. His title was Mudir or "Boy," but he was afterwards promoted to the rank of "Pasha." When the portion of the Nile Valley that lies between Egypt proper and the provinces near the equator revolted from the Khedive, Emin Pasha was cut off from all communication with the civilized world, and Stanley's expedition was intended to help him escape to the sea coast. 2.—Francis Joseph, emperor of Austria, has reigned since 1848.

Tin Plating of Metallic Articles.

G. M. R., White River Junction, Vt.: To tin iron, steel, or other metallic articles, take a tinner's fire-pot, and a piece of two-inch gas pipe, eight inches long, and get a blacksmith to put a tight bottom in the pipe; cut a hole in lid of fire-pot, set this gas-pipe crucible in the fire-pot; put in pure block tin. When it is hot enough to flow, dip your knife or other articles in acid (muriatic, cut with zinc any kind of mess it and can make it for you); dip the article in the acid three different times, or before every dip in the hot tin; then dip from the hot tin into coal oil. This will plate the article nicely, and look like enamel goods for sale at any store. It may take a few experiments to get it just right. Get the right heat to the tin, dip first in acid, then in tin, three times; then, if it looks all right, dip it into the oil; wash out in clean water.

Lake Avernus.

S. H. N., York, Wis.: We do not know the name of the author of the lines,

"The thoughts of former years glide over my soul
Like swift-shooting meteors through Advern's gloomy vale,"

nor do we care to know, as it is a very poor article of poetry. The word "Advern" seems to be used for "Avernus," which is a lake about 8 miles west of Naples, Italy, which lies in the crator of an extinct volcano. It is now called Lake Averno, and is about 2 miles in circumference. It has no outlet. In ancient times Lake Avernus, with the wild and gloomy scenery around it, the vapors arising from its shores from dying volcanic action, and the belief that it was unfathomable, led to the idea that it was the entrance to Hades.

Sound-Vibrations and Sound-Perception.

S. M. M., Ramsey, Ind., asks: "Suppose a cannon to be fired and no one to be within one thousand miles of that place, is there any sound? This is only a variation of the old query, 'Would there be any sound if there were no ears to hear it?' The answer must depend on the definition of the word "sound" which is accepted. The word has two meanings; 1, the air vibrations produced by a sounding body; 2, the impression made on the ear. The question is a mere quibble between the two different meanings of the word. The sound waves exist, whether there is anybody within hearing distance or not. From a scientific point of view, sound exists whether there is sound-perception or not.

Yellowstone National Park.

R. H., Bridgeport, Ind.: Yellowstone National Park, set apart by act of Congress as a public park, has an area of 3,575 square miles. It lies mainly in Wyoming, but a small portion is in Montana. Yellowstone Lake, 22 by 15 miles in extent, is the largest sheet of water. The wonderful geysers and hot springs in this region outnumber those of all the rest of the world together. There are over 50 geysers, and many thousands of hot springs. The entire region lies over 6,000 feet above the sea-level, and is consequently cold, frost occuring during every month in the year. The grand canon of the Yellowstone River, the Great Falls of that river, over 300 feet high, Tower Falls, etc., are very remarkable.

Boulanger.

W. J. C., Garden City, Kan.: 1.—Gen. Boulanger holds no office at present. 2.—Boulanger set himself forward as the advocate of a revision of the French constitution, which would involve considerable change in the government, and a consequent retirement from power of the present incumbents. To test the popularity of his views, and strengthen his cause, Boulanger adopted the method, whenever a vacancy or vacancies occurred in the chamber, of presenting himself as a candidate. On being elected, he at once resigned. The popularity shown by these various elections, by large majorities, has increased his influence greatly. —Sadi-Carnot is still President of France.

Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles."

W. J. C., Garden City, Kan.: Creasy's enumeration of the "fifteen decisive battles of the world" are as follows: Battle of Marathon, 490 B. C.; defeat of the Athenians at Syracuse, 414 B. C.; Arbella, 331 B. C.; Metaurus, 207 B. C.; Vesalia, A. D. 9; Chalons, A. D. 451; Tours, A. D. 730; Hastings, A. D. 1066; Orleans, A. D. 1429; Defeat of the Spanish Armada, A. D. 1588; Blenheim, 1704; Pultowa, 1709; Saratoga, 1777; Valmy, 1792; Waterloo, 1815. These battles with but few exceptions are adopted by historians as those which influenced the history of the world more than any other fifteen.

Miscellaneous.

A. W. L., Cambridge, O.: Your answers were given last week.

Grieved, Seney, Iowa: Why don't you write to the lady herself and ask her?

J. W. H., Banner, Neb.: The timber culture and preemption laws were not repealed by the last Congress.

Thanks to friends for several copies of "Whistling to Heaven." It will be found in this issue of the Weekly BLADE.

G. W. M., Mitchell, Ill.: The coinage of silver dollars was stopped by the act of 1873, and resumed by the Bland bill, passed February 28, 1878.

W. A. H., Polo, Mo.: Your questions are answered, so far as we can do so, in the BUREAU of April 11, under the head of "The Next Census."

N. S. P., Muskegon, Mich.: The official title of Holland is "The Kingdom of the Netherlands," and the name does not, of course, embrace Belgium.

T. N. M. Preemption, Ill.: We are sorry, but we can not undertake to answer such queries as yours in this department. They should be sent to the HOUSEHOLD.

R. W. C., Menlo, Kan., writes: "I have brownish-black hair, gray-blue eyes, and am very fair. Am I a blonde or a brunette?" You are a mixed blonde.

P. D., Napoleon, O.: The best works of reference on the constitution of the United States are Webster's and Hayne's speeches, "The Federalist," etc. No answers by mail, under any circumstances.

A. D. J., Slate: 1.—That is a matter of individual opinion. 2.—The chances, mathematically speaking, are one in about 32. 3.—He has authority to order that mail shall not be delivered to the managers.

A. A. M., Creston, Iowa: A child born on shipboard or in this country of foreign parents inherits the nationality of its parents and not of the flag it is born under. If a male child was born in the United States of foreign parents and was to reside here continuously until he was 21 he would be a native-born citizen on arriving at that age, whether his parents ever became citizens or not.

A. J. J., Lewiston, Ont.: The abbreviation O. K., which means "all right" or "all correct," is said to have originated with John Jacob Astor, who indorsed papers referred to him for verification with these initials, but the story is probably false.

G. C., Bath, N. Y.: The phrase "*chateaux en Espagne*," which means "castles in Spain," equivalent to our phrase "castles in the air," is French in origin. We have never heard its origin, and should be glad to publish it if any one who knows it will kindly send it.

W. W., Grass Lake, Mich.: There were no wild horses in America before its discovery by Europeans. The wild horses of the plains are believed to have descended from the animals brought over by the Spanish, when they explored and settled Texas and Mexico.

N. S. M., Blue Grass, Ind.: Binding twine is made of various materials. The hemp is raised here; manilla, sisal, etc., comes from the East Indies. The twine trust has bought up the crop of the latter, and is thus enabled to corner the market. The tariff has nothing to do with it.

C. C., Obed, Ill., asks: "Is there any institution in the United States that a person of good moral character can attend free? If so, regulations of such?" Our carefully corresponding should have stated what kind of an institution he means. We have no idea what he is inquiring for.

M. T., Millington, Mich.: Ohio has never published any history on the part she took in the civil war. "Ohio in the War," by Whitelaw Reid, contains all the facts, however. It may be found in public libraries, and such places. Ohio has passed no state bounty law since the war.

R. F. M., Kansas City, Kan.: The word "ingunder" means something over and above the extra handful of fruit or nuts that is put on top of the measure as it is lifted from the large basket. It is, says Bartlett, the equivalent of the South Carolina "throwin," the superfluity of a helping. It is pronounced "ian-yap."

M. H., Snyder's Mill, W. Va.: Your claim against the government for property destroyed during the war is probably valid, but whether you can secure anything depends upon the nature of the proof. Why do you not interest the member of congress from your district in the matter, and have him aid you in pushing it?

A. C., Spearfish, Dak.: The "White Book" of Germany is the same as the "Blue Book" of England, and what we may call the state colorbooks of the United States. They all contain documents or reports pertaining to governmental affairs. The name refers to the color of the binding, and is simply fixed by custom not by law.

School girl, Racine, Wis.: "Chic" is a French slang term, meaning stylish, bright, witty and self-poised. It is usually applied to women. "Gone Up Salt River" is the term applied to the defeated party at a Presidential election. It has its origin from a small river in Kentucky of that name, the navigation of which was both difficult and unpleasant.

J. W. R., Roslyn, Wash.: The best books for a beginner desiring to study law, are: Walker's "American Law;" Blackstone's "Commentaries on the Law of England;" "Smith on Contracts," and Wharton on Criminal Law." Any bookseller can order them for you, or you can write to any publisher named in "Recent Literature" on the second page of this paper.

J. S. H., Mathews, N. C.: Soldiers of the Seminole war are eligible to pensions Secs. 1656 and 1657, Revised Statutes of the United States grants to the volunteers or militia called into the service of the United States to suppress Indian depredations in Florida, all the benefits conferred on persons wounded or otherwise disabled in the service of the United States.

Student, Logan, O.: The harvest moon is the full moon nearest the autumnal equinox. Its peculiarity is that it rises for several days nearly at sunset, instead of 52 minutes later each successive day, as usual. The division of the days in each month is purely arbitrary, and there is no particular reason why July and August contain 31 days each any more than why June contains 30.

R. Fairbury, Ill.: 1.—The rebel prisoners at Camp Douglas, near Chicago; at Camp Chase, Ill.; Camp Chase, Columbus; Johnson's Island near Sandusky; and other prison camps in the North, were in all respects well treated. They had plenty of food, shelter and clothing, and were as well off as Union soldiers in camp. We have not statistics as to the total number of rebel prisoners and prison camps. The stories of their starving or freezing are totally without foundation. 2.—Books, etc., are printed in Roman letters because the latter are so much more legible than script.

A. A. T., Clay Center, Kan.: 1.—The best we can do is the recipe given in the BUREAU of April 19—"Tanning Sheep and Kids' Skins." 2.—The largest cannon in the world can be called "the largest cannon in the world." The size and weight of guns made in Europe increase each year. One of the latest Krupp guns is a 135-ton gun (that is, it weighs 135 tons, or 378,000 pounds), 52½ feet long, employing 1,069 pounds of prismatic powder at a charge, and discharging a projectile of 2,314 pounds weight, capable of penetrating wrought iron plates nearly 4 feet thick. Still larger guns are projected and in course of construction at Krupp's works at Essen, Germany.

Mrs. S., Ellensburg, Wash.: The head on the silver dollar is not a portrait of anybody. It is merely an ideal head, a representation of the Goddess of Liberty. It was designed by Morgan, who was the author from whom to cut the die. His initial, a very minute "M," is on the lower edge of the neck of the goddess. 2.—The reason the BUREAU will not answer questions regarding the standing of persons is, first, because we don't know; second, to find out we would have to employ some of the commercial agencies to ascertain, which would be considerable expense; third, if the report was that they were reliable, the answer in these columns would be a first-class advertisement; while, if the reverse were the case, THE BLADE would be liable to prosecution for libel. No newspaper answers such questions that we know, and for the reasons given above. Another thing you may not know is that the very great majority of the advertisements in the Weekly BLADE are sent to us by advertising agencies, who contract for the advertising, and who pay us therefor. We thus hold no communication with the advertiser himself, as it is not necessary. The advertisements are published in all the leading papers of the United States, as a rule, and the advertising agents contract to do this. 3.—Yes.

A Waste of Ammunition.

Mrs. Quizzly—"Why, general, you don't seem to like to see the ladies kiss each other."

General Oldbeau—"The result of a military education, madam. I never like to see good ammunition wasted." — *Troy Times.*

The Best Remedy Taken in Season,

FOR Sore Eyes, Cancerous Humors, Prurigo, and other manifestations of depraved blood, is **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.** Used persistently, according to directions, it effectually eradicates all traces of disease, and restores the sufferer to a sound and healthy condition.

"I hereby certify that I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, with excellent success, for a cancerous humor, or, as it seemed to be, cancer on my lip. Shortly after using this remedy the sore healed. I believe that the disease is entirely cured, and consider Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an infallible remedy for all kinds of eruptions caused by impure blood."—Charles G. Ernberg, Vasa, Minn.

"For years my blood was in an unhealthy condition. After having tried other medicines without success, I have lately taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and with the best results. I think this medicine is the only blood-purifier that can be absolutely relied upon."—Mrs. Oliver Valentine, 144 Quincy st., Brooklyn, New York.

"A neighbor of ours who was rendered nearly blind from scrofula, was entirely cured by using three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Stephens & Best, Druggists, Ball Play, Tenn.

"For several years afflicted with disorders of the blood, I have received more benefit from the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

than from all other medicines."—B. Rice, 140 Endicott st., Boston, Mass.

Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla arrests blood-poisoning before it pervades the system. Don't delay till the forces of nature are exhausted and there is nothing to work on. Begin at once the use of this medicine, and be sure you take no other to counteract its effects.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of a bad case of blood-poisoning and restored me to health. My system was saturated with a poison which all ordinary remedies failed to reach, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla did the work completely. This was twenty-one years ago, and no symptoms of the disease have since appeared. I have recommended this wonderful medicine to hundreds of people, similarly afflicted, and always with the most satisfactory results."—A. H. Christy, Bourbon, Ind.

"For many years I was troubled with scrofulous complaints. Hearing Ayer's Sarsaparilla very highly recommended, I decided to try it, and have done so with the most gratifying effects. I am convinced that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best possible blood-medicine."—John W. Starr, Laconia, Ind.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

IT IS "ARK-AN-SAW."

THE SUBJECT FULLY EXPLAINED.

A Letter to the Blade from the Secretary of State, with a Certified Copy of the Resolution Fixing the Pronunciation.

Some time ago, an answer in the QUESTION BUREAU of THE BLADE stated that several years ago the legislature of Arkansas adopted a joint resolution, declaring the proper pronunciation of the name of that state to be "Ark-an-saw." This statement seems to have been news to a great many people, who have cited dictionaries, gazetteers, geographies, etc., as authority that the pronunciation is "Arkan-sas"—the last two syllables exactly as the name of the state of "Kansas" is pronounced.

To settle the matter authoritatively, THE BLADE wrote to Hon. B. B. Chism, Secretary of State of Arkansas, asking for a copy of the resolution, and a statement of the reasons which prompted the action of the legislature in adopting it. Secretary Chism very kindly sends a certified copy of the resolution, with the following explanatory letter:

Hon. B. B. Chism's Letter.

STATE OF ARKANSAS,
OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF STATE.
LITTLE ROCK, April 15, 1889.

Editor Toledo Blade:

DEAR SIR—For many years a difference of opinion existed among our people in reference to the proper pronunciation of the name of the state. The people who came here from the North and East pronounced the name as it was spelled, while the old settlers generally gave the broad pronunciation of the last syllable, as if it were spelled "Arkansaw."

The public officials were as much at sea on this subject as were the masses. When the Hon. Solon Boland and W. K. Sebastian represented the state in the Senate, the first gave the name the broad pronunciation, and the latter pronounced the name as it is spelled. Mr. Dallas, Vice President at the time, and without doubt, save and except Aaron Burr, the ablest, the most accomplished and elegant presiding officer the senate has ever had, when addressing Col. Boland would say, "the senator from Arkansaw," and when addressing Mr. Sebastian, he would say, "the gentleman from Arkansas."

So the dispute went on until the legislature, in 1883, took the matter in hand and settled it finally and definitely. I send you a copy of the concurrent resolution, which is regarded by all of our citizens, white and colored, old settlers and new-comers, as a satisfactory settlement of the entire question. The man or woman who would now pronounce the name of our state in any other manner than the law directs, would be looked upon as being guilty of treason, and wholly unworthy of citizenship!

Hoping this explanation will be satisfactory, I am yours respectfully,

B. B. CHISM,
Secretary of State.

H. B. ARMISTED, Deputy.

Certified Copy of the Concurrent Resolution.

Accompanying the above letter was a certified copy of the concurrent resolution. Below is given the certification, over the signature of the Secretary of State, duly authenticated:

SECRETARY OF STATE,
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

I, B. B. Chism, Secretary of State of Arkansas, do hereby certify that the annexed pages contain a true, complete and full copy of a concurrent resolution of the Arkansas General Assembly, defining the proper pronunciation of the name of the state approved March, 1883, as appears by comparing the same with the original roll of said concurrent resolution now on file in this office.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at Little Rock, this 15th day of April, A. D. eighteen hundred and eighty-nine.

B. B. CHISM,
Secretary of State.
W. G. ARMISTEAD,
Deputy.

[Seal.]

Concurrent Resolution Declaring the Proper Pronunciation of the Name of the State.

PREAMBLE.—WHEREAS, Confusion of practice has arisen in the pronunciation of the name of our state; and it is deemed important that the true pronunciation should be determined for use in oral official proceedings;

And, whereas, the matter has been thoroughly investigated by the State Historical society, and the Eclectic society of Little Rock, which have agreed upon the correct pronunciation, as derived from history, and the early usage of the American immigrants;

Be it therefore resolved, by both houses of the General Assembly of the state of Arkansas, That the only true pronunciation of the name of the state, in the opinion of this body, is that received by the French from the native Indians, and committed to writing in the French word representing the sound; and that it should be pronounced in three syllables, with the final "s" silent, the "a" in each syllable with the sound of "a" in man, and the accent on the first and last syllables—being the pronunciation formerly, universally, and now commonly used; and that the pronunciation with the accent on the second syllable, with the sound of "a" in man, and the sounding of the terminal "s," is an innovation to be discouraged.

March, 1883.

The above settles the matter, so far as THE BLADE is concerned. Those contumacious persons who still pronounce the word "Ar-kan-sas" are warned to desist at once, and to correct their geographies, gazetteers, dictionaries, etc., to correspond with the above resolution. There is no better way than by clipping out this article entire, and pasting it at some convenient place in the book of reference itself.

A QUERY.

What "Subscriber" Would Like to Know.

We have recently received a letter from one of our well known subscribers upon a subject which we prefer to publish for the perusal of our readers, anticipating that in so doing some one will relieve us of the responsibility of answering "Subscriber's" questions. Here is the letter:

"MY DEAR EDITOR:—For several years past I have been the recipient of several pamphlets issued from time to time by Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., which in addition to containing an extensive treatise upon kidney disease, its origin, usual symptoms and growth, also include testimonials from persons from parties whose fac-similie signatures are attached thereto, attesting the statement that they have been individually relieved by the use of Warner's Safe Cure, which is prepared by the above firm, for the use of persons so afflicted. Now, Mr. Editor, I would like to know if the statements made by those parties who testify to the great good which Warner's Safe Cure has done them, can be relied upon. They seem honest enough from the way they read. "Warner's Safe Cure saved my life after the doctors had given me up," says John Doherty, 133 N. Main street, Concord, N. H. "I was given up to die with Bright's Disease of the kidneys. The doctors said they could do nothing for me. A friend advised me to take Warner's Safe Cure, and my family consider me as given back from the grave," says Mrs. Carrie A. Fry, of Wathena, Kas. Dr. L. B. Rice, of Hanover C. H., Va., says that Warner's Safe Cure cured him of Bright's Disease."

It strikes me that there is a good deal of sense in the claim which those parties make that the doctors are treating too many persons for wrong causes, and that oftentimes, people are treated for consumption, brain, heart and nervous disorders, when they are suffering from kidney disease which should be treated, as they say, by the use of Warner's Safe Cure and as a result, when disease is first removed therefrom, that which is supposed to be disease in the lungs or other organs, will disappear. Many of my neighbors tell me that this remedy has done much good for them—more good than their doctors. If kidney disease is the real cause of so many other diseases why, Mr. Editor, don't the people who are afflicted with sickness, insist upon a more careful inquiry being made, in order that the true cause may be ascertained, and the proper treatment given?"

"SUBSCRIBER."

Don't It Prohibit, Eh?

Indiana Christian Advocate.

The Prohibitory law of Kansas does not prohibit. Of course it does not. Nobody expected it to. But some how or other, the liquor sellers despise it. Two of the don't-prohibit kind were fined $300 each and sent to jail for ninety days, last week, at Leavenworth. They told the judge they would quit the business entirely if he would let up. The judge mildly informed them that they would pay the fine and go to jail for ninety days, and then they might quit or go to jail another ninety. At present they are in jail meditating on "Prohibition doesn't prohibit."

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels, and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York

HAVE YOU GOT PILES

Itching Piles are known by moisture like perspiration, causing intense itching when warm. This form as well as Blind, Bleeding and Protruding, yield at once to DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on the parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching and effects a permanent cure. 50c. Druggists or mail; treatise free. Dr. Bosanko, Piqua, O.

ROYAL, BUT A GOOD WRITER.

The Fact That She is a Queen Does Not Prevent Her From Writing Good Stories and Poems.

Of course readers of THE BLADE are familiar with the writings of "Carmen Sylvia," but this will only add to their appreciation of the excellent likeness of the Royal authoress, which is herewith given. Queen Elizabeth, of Roumania, is a delightful story teller, and her works have been very popular wherever read, and they have been translated into all languages. She was first brought into prominence through a book published in Paris some years ago, entitled, "Les Pensees d'une Reine," which attracted a great deal of attention. Since then she has written a great deal.

CONSTIPATION followed by fitful diarrhœa, shooting pains in the breasts, drawing down aching pains, burning sensation in the small of the back, scanty, dark-colored fluids which scald in passing, and many deposits—sand, mucus, tube casts, and fluids covered by a greasy scum, any one of the foregoing signifies advanced kidney trouble. Prof. Wm. H. Thompson, M. D., of the University of the city of New York, says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption." The late Dr. Dio Lewis in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, said over his own signature: "If I found myself the victim of serious kidney trouble I would use your preparation."

A VOICE FROM KANSAS.

Prohibition Does Prohibit—What a Kansas Citizen Has to Say.

Osborne Co. (Pa.) Journal.

Stephen Tripp, of Grand Centre, Kan., writes to W. R. Finch, of Scranton, upon the working of Prohibition in Kansas, and encourages him to work for it in this state. He says, among other things:

"Undoubtedly you will hear a great deal about Prohibition in Kansas. You will be told that it is a failure; that it does not prohibit; that more liquor is drank than ever. Don't be deceived. Such is not the case. It is estimated by persons competent to judge in such cases that there is only 10 per cent of intoxicating liquor used in Kansas compared with states that have open saloons, taking man for man. A tree is known by its fruit. No individual can habitually drink intoxicating liquors without its manifesting itself in different ways, neither can such liquor be sold as a beverage in any community without it showing its evil effects, more especially in crime and pauperism. Osborne county has about 15,000 people; of these about 4,000 are in its four towns. During the last two years, since our present effective laws went into force, there has been but one conviction of felony in our county, for burning which was a building, who were sent to the reform school. There have been six terms of court since that time, three each year, and the criminal cases have not averaged over one and one-half days to the term at the outside. For the last four years our poor house has had one inmate about one-half of the time. Then our large gatherings are comparatively free from drunken persons. In 1885, at an old soldiers' reunion at our county seat, there were 5,000 persons present the last day, and not a single intoxicated person was to be seen. At our last county fair in 1887 there were at least 3,500 persons present for three days. There were but three or four drunken persons seen during the time. Can anyone say as much for a county that has open saloons? Governor Martin, in his last message, says that Kansas is the most orderly community on the face of the globe; and let me say that the governor was an opponent of prohibition in 1880, consequently his testimony is valuable. There are scores of such witnesses ready to testify as to the benefits of Prohibition."

THINGS BEST UNSAID.

Mrs. Madison Streete—"I am really sorry, dear, Lent is over, you have had time to make so many calls."

Miss Collingwood—"Yes, I have been doing penance as much as possible."

The Nation's Forests.

The first step in the effort to provide for the conservation of the forests on the national domain should be the withdrawal from sale of all forest lands belonging to the nation. It will not be necessary to preserve and maintain all these forests permanently, but the extent of forest territory which will be required by a practical plan of forest preservation and management for our Western mountain regions cannot be at once precisely determined. A thorough examination of these regions, and of the agricultural country depending upon them for the water supply, will be necessary, in order to show what forests must be retained, and what tracts of timber can be put upon the market without injury to the important interests involved. Until such an examination has been made, none of the forest lands now belonging to the United States should be sold.—*The Independent.*

Natural Enough.

New York Herald.

A Boston rabbi says "it is an utterly mistaken idea that the prohibitionists alone hold a monopoly on virtue." Natural enough, however, as most of them were formerly Republicans.

If You Have

CONSUMPTION,
BRONCHITIS,
SCROFULA,
COUGH or COLD,
THROAT AFFECTION,
WASTING of FLESH,

Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or Nerve Power, you can be relieved and Cured by

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF
PURE COD LIVER OIL
With Hypophosphites.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

PROFESSIONAL.

DIVORCES! ED. THOMPSON, Lawyer, 164 LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill. Advice free. Twenty years of lively and successful practice.

DETECTIVES

Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under instructions in our Secret

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1889.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE CO..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10. EVERY SEVENTH COPY FREE, or for a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 100,000.

THE OPPORTUNITY AND RESPONSIBILITY OF THE VOTERS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The greatest evil that curses the American people to-day is the Rum traffic. That it is an evil and always an evil, no one can doubt. We are so accustomed to its presence, to the suffering and misery that it entails, that we do not recognize clearly its magnitude nor the vast benefits that would result to the body politic were it wiped out entirely. There is not a state in the Union but has recognized the evils of the traffic, and admitted them by endeavoring to control and restrict it by all the devices of legislation. But it will not be controlled, and it defies all laws which have this object. It is the one persistent law breaker. If it cannot do so openly, it will secretly. It is the one influence that, more than any other, has even endeavored to destroy the weekly day of rest. Not content with its profits in six days of the week, it insists on the desecration of the Sabbath, that more blood money may be poured into its coffers. It will obey no law that in any wise puts it under restriction, except under the closest watchfulness. It is a godless, lawless thing, and there is but one way to dispose of it; and that is—to kill it.

There is, unfortunately, in the state of Pennsylvania, danger of the defeat of the proposed Prohibitory amendment because many voters cling to the idea that license is a better method than Prohibition. We are sorry they are not further advanced in thought. As between free Rum and license, we unhesitatingly would prefer license, on the principle that it is better that a rabid dog shall be chained than that he shall run at large. But as between license and Prohibition, we are entirely for the latter; because the dog, though chained, is just as dangerous to those coming within his reach as he was when he was free. We favor killing the dog, rather than running any risks whatever. License can never cure the evils wrought by the traffic. It may, and does, lessen them to some degree, but they still exist, and will continue to exist as long as the open saloon is allowed to remain. There is but one cure for them, and that is, through the prohibition of the traffic, and relegating all men who still follow it to the criminal class. The traffic and the men engaged in it must be put under the ban of the law.

There is no doubt but that intemperance, which is created and fed by the Rum traffic, is the direct or indirect cause of at least 80 per cent. of the pauperism and crime in the country to-day. It fills our jails and penitentiaries, or poor houses and lunatic asylums, with its victims. It is the parent of our distinctively criminal classes, and is multiplying these people, as well as paupers and lunatics, for the state to support. It is the most fruitful source of evil with which humanity has to contend. A few years ago, the *Catholic World*, in an article on the evils of Rum, used the following emphatic words:

> The total number of arrests in New York City during one year for all offenses was 69,632. Two-thirds of these were for drunkenness, but this is not all. No less than 120,683 called for lodging at the station-house. Fifty-eight thousand of these were men, and 62,000 women. Eighty-five per cent. of these admitted that their poverty had come through drink. A total of six and a half million of dollars was spent for police force and for public charities, and 80 per cent. of this was made necessary by reason of the liquor traffic.

The pauper returns made annually to the secretary of State of Massachusetts show that 80 per cent of the pauperism of the state is due solely to the drink evil. It does not need the proof furnished by official figures, however, to support the statement. Every observing man knows of himself that Rum is the chief producer of pauperism and crime. Go where you will, the evil that Rum has done and is doing will be apparent. Every day the work of ruining men, and making them dependants upon the state's charity, is going on all around you. License may check it, but it cannot stop it. It cannot be stopped unless you stop the infernal traffic itself. So long as there is a place where Rum is freely sold, so long the work of manufacturing drunkards and paupers will go on. Kansas has stopped it, Iowa has stopped it (despite the Rum Power's lie that "Prohibition don't prohibit"), and Pennsylvania can stop it in the same way—by Prohibition.

The voters of Pennsylvania should be able to see clearly that Prohibition is the only effective, the only final, method of dealing with this matter. There is now in their state a grand opportunity. The time has come when all good citizens, irrespective of party, should feel the necessity of united action. They must throttle the Rum Power, or it will eventually throttle the state's prosperity. It is the sworn enemy of all that is good and true. It invades the purity of the home, and disturbs the piece of society. All who wish to conserve the best interests of the home, all who love good government, all who believe in the elevation of the masses, ought to stand shoulder to shoulder in the effort to destroy the traffic. They should not let the specious plea that Prohibition is a restraint on the freedom of the individual obscure their minds. This is a free country—the freest on earth; but yet we can not do anything we please with impunity. Our interests is curtailed, by various legal restraints, for the public good. We are prohibited from all vices and crimes, save this one giant vice of drunkenness, that is the promoter and the prempter of all the others.

Does not the same argument of "personal liberty" hold against all these things? We are prohibited from setting up nuisances that annoy our neighbors, from opening houses of infamy, from running gambling halls, from doing a vast number of things; we are prohibited from all the greater and lesser evils in the catalogue of vice and crime, except this one. What greater nuisance is there than an open saloon? It invades the rights of all decent people. The question, too, is begged by the advocates of the Rum Power when they declare that it is unjust as well as impossible "to prevent men, by law, from drinking what they please." That is not the purpose of the Pennsylvania amendment. It proposes to prevent any one from manufacturing and selling what they please. The law in some states prevents men from making or selling oleomargarine. This is justified on the ground that it is sold and used instead of butter, and that it is unhealthy as food; and the law is justified because it protects the people's health. Yet if every person in Pennsylvania should use oleomargarine entirely instead of butter for the next fifty years, it would not injure the public health so much in all that time as Rum does in one year. Rum is a poison, pure and simple, of no value as food. We apply the same principle to everything else that is detrimental to the public good. Why make an exception of Rum, the admitted curse to humanity?

The argument is also made that in the cities Prohibition could not be enforced, and therefore the amendment should not be adopted. No honest citizen has the right to assume such a proposition, or to be influenced in his action as a voter by it. It is a reproach upon our form of government, an acknowledgment that it is a failure, a stigma upon the officers charged with the enforcement of law. The difficulties that stood in the way of the enforcement of Prohibition in the states that have tried it have been largely removed by proper legislation. It was an experiment at first, and the practical workings of the law showed its defects. These have been or can be cured, so that the matter of enforcement is as easy as that of any other restrictive law. Pennsylvania can profit by the experience of those states. The laws to be passed for the execution of the amendment, if it should be adopted, will be such that nothing but a wilful disregard and evasion of their sworn duty by the officers of the law will prevent the enforcement of Prohibition. The people—the decent, law-abiding majority—must see to it that these men, should they enter upon such a course, are made to answer or it. Prohibition can be made as effective as the laws against theft, or the social evil, or any other similar law.

There is not one sound plea that can be made in favor of a vote against the amendment. Those who cast their ballots in the negative by so doing vote to continue the most infamous occupation that a man ever disgraced himself by following. They vote in favor of the continued ruin of thousands every year. They vote to promote vice, to encourage pauperism, to foster crime, to continue taxation by the enormous needless expense that our jails and penitentiaries and courts and police establishments put us to, because of the Rum traffic. They vote to increase human misery, to break down the Sabbath, to injure the rising generation. The only men who are really benefited in any way by the existence and continuance of the Rum traffic are the men who make and sell the infernal poison; and their only benefit is a pecuniary one. But can money, the price of the ruin of men, the beggary of women and children, ever bring good to its possessors? Those who thus deal out liquid damnation in return for blood-stained and tear-wet gold are not worthy of consideration. They constitute the Rum Power, and are, as a body, the enemy of all that is good, and pure and true. The only vote a man can cast on this question without having the weight of blood-guiltiness on his soul, is one against the saloon or for Prohibition. Every thinking citizen should throw the weight of his influence and his vote in favor of the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

MORE LAND IN OKLAHOMA.

The fact there are far more would-be settlers in Oklahoma than there are quarter-sections of land to be obtained by homesteading, gives much interest to the work of the Cherokee Indian Commission, which is to negotiate with the Cherokees for the purchase by the United States of their title to a large area of lands, which will then be thrown open to settlers by proclamation, as were the Oklahoma lands. The only opposition to the purchase will come, it is believed, from the cattle syndicate which are grazing their herds on the land which it is proposed to buy. Their opposition, however, will be largely neutralized by the fact that the purchase money will be placed at interest which will pay the Indians $350,000 a year, instead of $250,000 a year, which is the entire amount received by them from the cattle men.

Should the Indians refuse to sell, an effort will be made in the next Congress to take the land without paying them a cent. It is believed, however, that the commission will reach a satisfactory conclusion with the Indians, and that the 6,000,000 acres thus aquired will be thrown open to settlement during the coming summer. These, together with the 2,000,000 recently purchased, constitute the principal portion of what will in future be known as Oklahoma Territory. Before the close of the present month it is estimated that 50,000 persons will have sought homes in Oklahoma, which is now a howling wilderness. With the additional 8,000,000 acres added, it is believed the population will be trebled before the end of the present year.

SUNDAY IN THE ARMY.

The order of Secretary of War PROCTOR, abolishing the Sunday morning inspection and the Sunday evening dress parade of United States troops, is one that might have been promulgated with profit years ago. The Sunday evening dress parade has always been omitted at the discretion of the commanding officer, during a campaign, or at such times as there would be inconvenience in holding it. This is now to be dropped altogether, while the weekly inspection, which is of importance, is to be held hereafter on Saturday morning, leaving the afternoon of that day a time of leisure for athletic games and other relaxations.

Secretary PROCTOR'S action in relieving the men of all duty on Sunday that is not obviously of necessity may possibly make some of the older martinets of the service, bound down by red-tape traditions, shake their heads, but the Sunday morning freedom from work is a return to a practice that prevailed only about half a century ago, while the Sunday dress parade is now omitted in some departments. The troops will welcome the change. The dull routine of garrison life in time of peace has so much pressure of occupation as to require more work on Sundays than is customary in civil life.

FREE SPECIMENS.

The BLADE desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the BLADE *everywhere.*

THE Rochester, N. Y., *Democrat and Chronicle* predicts a week of stormy weather, beginning about April 25. This is based on the fact that the solar disturbance of March 4 and March 30 will return, by the sun's rotation on its axis, about that time. The two former periods were marked by severe storms, and as the sun's axial rotation embraces a period of twenty-six days, a return of stormy weather is rather confidently predicted, though it is probably the atmospheric disturbance will be much less than on the two previous occasions, as the solar spots (indicative of disturbance in our luminary) are vanishing. The prediction is interesting, because it will mean heavy rains at or near the time of the grand Presidential centennial at New York on April 29 and 30, and May 1.

ILLINOIS wheels into line in ballot reform. The JOHNS election bill has passed the Senate, and now goes to the state House of Representatives. Its provisions are briefly as follows:

> It provides that no one shall vote who is not registered; that the polling places shall be arranged substantially in accordance with the Australian system, and that only one form of ticket shall be used. The names of all candidates are to be arranged in alphabetical order with a letter after each, designating his politics, and the voter is to indicate by a mark "X," in a square space opposite the name, the candidate for whom he votes. The tickets are to be delivered by the county clerk to the judges of election in sealed packages and distributed to ballot clerks on election day. Each voter is given a ticket as he enters the polling-place and can prepare it for the ballot-box with as much secrecy as he chooses.

THE SAULT CANAL.

The Duluth Chamber of Commerce has collated figures which show the relative business done over the Suez and Sault Ste Marie canals. It is developed that in 1870, the first year of the opening of the Suez canal, 486 vessels passed through it, with a net tonnage of 435,911 tons, and the receipts from tolls were 6,387,204 francs, or $1,277,440. Ten years later, in 1880, 2,026 vessels passed, with a tonnage of 3,057,421 tons, and receipts of $13,265,875.

The St. Mary's Falls canal was opened June 18, 1855, having been built by the state of Michigan, at a cost of about $1,000,000. It is free to all vessels navigating the great lakes. There is no record of the number of vessel passages, or of the freight tonnage, earlier than 1864. During that year there were 1,411 vessel passages, with a registered tonnage of 571,438 tons; but in the year 1870—the year of the opening of the Suez canal—the number of vessel passages was 1,828, with a registered tonnage of 690,826 tons, as against 486 vessel passages and 435,911 tons through the Suez. In 1880 the vessel passages of the St. Mary's Falls canal were 3,503, with a registered tonnage of 1,734,890 tons, as against 2,026 vessels an 3,059,421 tons by the Suez. Not until the year 1880 did the government of the United States take possession of the canal and keep systematic records of its commerce.

During the year 1881 the number of vessel passages was 4,004, with a tonnage of 2,092,757 tons. In the year 1888 the number of vessel passages had increased to 7,314, while the actual freight tonnage passing through the canal was 6,411,423 tons, an amount only 224,411 tons less than that of the Suez canal. But the showing for the daily tonnage of the two canals is most remarkable. The Suez canal is open 365 days in the year; the St. Mary's Falls canal in 1888 was open for business only 212 days. The daily tonnage of the Suez canal averaged 18,194 tons, while that of the St. Mary's Falls canal was 30,242 tons. At the rate of increase in the business of the St. Mary's Falls canal, next year will witness by far the greater aggregate tonnage in the latter than in the Suez.

The daily tonage of the St. Mary's Falls canal in 1886, was 18,839 tons, while in 1888, two years later, it had been increased as above stated, to 30,242 tons. The value of the freight passing through the St. Mary's Falls canal in 1885 was $53,413,472.13; in 1886, $69,030,071.95; in 1887, $79,031,757.78, and in 1888, it was in round numbers about $82,000,000.00. Had the United States imposed the same tonage tax last year on the business of the St. Mary's Falls canal, as the Suez company imposed upon its traffic, the amount would have reached over $13,000,000, a sum at least three times as great as the total cost of the work up to the present time.

WHERE HARRISON STANDS.

Editor DANA, of the New York *Sun*, is borrowing a great deal of trouble concerning the attitude of President HARRISON and Postmaster General WANAMAKER on the question of prohibition. He wants to know whether they are prohibitionists or no and his latest query takes this form:

> The justice of the view which we have sought to enforce is strikingly evinced in the proceedings of the Northern Indiana conference of the Methodist church, which has just been held at Lagrange. In that conference, as we learn from the most competent authority, the *Indianapolis Journal*, "a resolution highly commending President Harrison and making special mention of Postmaster-General Wanamaker's position on prohibition" was not only entertained, but was unanimously adopted; and now what will President Harrison say to such a declaration of approval and sympathy? Will he accept this commendation and this endorsement of his Postmaster-General? Or does he also a Prohibitionist, and is the Republican party to be committed by his determination and his act to the cause of prohibition? These are questions which ought to be answered. If the response is to be in the affirmative, there can be no reason for delay in giving it; and if it is in the negative, it cannot too soon be proclaimed for the peace and comfort of those most nearly concerned.

As far as Postmaster-General WANAMAKER is concerned, it is very likely that, as a private citizen of Pennsylvania, he looks with favor on the attempt to graft a prohibition amendment upon the constitution of that state. As a member of President HARRISON'S cabinet he is not known to have made any utterances or taken any action in the matter. President HARRISON has never made any particular secret of his views on the liquor question. He has always discountenanced the rum traffic, although so far as known has never announced himself as in favor of prohibition. As at this time it is not a matter of paramount importance how he stands on this matter, he probably does not care to make any public announcement, but if Mr. DANA can give any good reason why President HARRISON should declare himself, there is little doubt but that the latter will frankly tell him. The fact that a church conference has indorsed the present administration is simply a compliment to the administration, of which it has a right to and doubtless does feel proud.

PREMIUMS WITH THE BLADE.

For two subscribers to the Weekly BLADE and $2 we will give as a premium a choice of either portrait announced in the BLADE portrait gallery. For three subscribers and $3 we will mail, post paid, either of the paper-covered books named in our book advertisement in another column. For five subscribers and $5 we offer a choice of "Health and Beauty" or "Social Etiquette." For six subscribers and $6 we will give a copy of "Andersonville," or "Nasby in Exile," or "Hannah Jane," or "Old Doctor Carlin's Recipes." We require the whole club in one remittance. Here is an opportunity to earn something for almost any sized club. Besides this, we pay the most liberal cash commissions, to these who prefer to work for cash, of any weekly paper in the field. Write us for *confidential* terms to agents. We want agents everywhere. Now is the time to raise clubs.

THE temperance citizens whose votes gave New Jersey to the Democrats, and a consequent repeal of the local option and stringent liquor legislation enacted by the previous legislature, should read the New York papers of any Monday morning nowadays. Those of last Monday were filled with the incidents of rioting and drunkenness at a New Jersey beach resort, where the saloons did a most flourishing as well as disgraceful Sunday business in liquor selling. Many thousands visited this pandemonium from New York, and the era of unchecked carousal and inebriety in Democratic New Jersey has set in.

SOME of the more enthusiastic Democrats are talking of DON M. DICKINSON as the Presidential candidate of the CLEVELAND wing of the party in 1892 against DAVID M. HILL, of New York. This is a little too previous. When the time comes to organize against HILL, probably no stronger competitor can be found for the nomination than CLEVELAND himself. The leader is always stronger than any of his lieutenants. There is but one thing certain this far in advance—and that is that HILL will have no walk-over in the race for the nomination.

WITHIN the past two weeks a dozen or so companies have been organized in the South, with an aggregate capital of over one million dollars, to build cotton seed oil mills. They are independent of the cottonseed oil trust, and the movement is an encouraging sign of the coming downfall of that odious monopoly.

ARBOR DAY was started in Nebraska in 1872, and this year thirty-four states will observe the day formally by a general tree-planting.

THE FUNDAMENTAL MISTAKE OF THIRD PARTYISM.

THE BLADE a short time ago received the following letter from a correspondent located in West Virginia, who expresses an overwhelming desire to have the ideas it contains presented to our readers. We shall gratify this laudable ambition of our friend, so far as his argument is concerned, by printing that part of his effusion:

> EDITOR BLADE:—I have taken THE BLADE for several years, and have always considered it one of my most reliable papers. But, viewing it from my standpoint, your position on the Prohibition question and rum traffic is strange. You profess to be a Prohibitionist, and yet you frequently go out of your way to strike the only party in this country that is openly and squarely committed to Prohibition. In your issue of March 21, you philosophize on the defeat of the amendment in New Hampshire, but you fail to inform the public that New Hampshire is a Republican state, that Rhode Island is also Republican, giving a majority to the party that "sympathizes with all wise and directed efforts of temperance," and that in West Virginia, where the Republicans claim to have elected their governor, the prohibition amendment was defeated by 30,000 majority.
>
> You referred to the course of the Prohibitionists in New Jersey in giving the state to the Democrats. What is the difference whether the Republicans or Democrats win, so far as Prohibition is concerned? The Democratic party makes no pretensions to prohibition; the Republican party does.
>
> What is Minnesota politically? Republican; amendment defeated. So of New Hampshire, Rhode Island and West Virginia. What did President Harrison say in his inaugural address on the subject of prohibition? Not a word. Now you claim to be the prohibition party, and you are trying to defend and perpetuate your party, which defends and perpetuates the saloon; and yet you inform us (in substance) that all the third party Prohibitionists are cranks and hypocrites, and playing into the hands of the Democrats and the saloons. Consistency, where's your jewelry? The Republican party has now entire control of this government and we shall see, what we shall see.

If the writer of the above has been for any length of time a reader of THE BLADE, he knows that the whole subject-matter of his screed has been discussed time and again in its columns. Yet we shall gratify him by giving, very briefly, the points again:

1.—There is nothing "strange" in the attitude of THE BLADE on this Prohibition question. There is about one third-party man to nineteen Prohibitionists who are either Democrats or Republicans. (The figures proving this were given in the Weekly BLADE of October 25, 1885.) There is no mistaking the fact, proved by experiment, that the bulk of the friends of Prohibition will not abandon their political affiliations to work for that reform on a partisan basis. They prefer to treat the question as a non-partisan one. We take exactly that ground, and believe it to be the only practical one. We do not recognize it as a political question. Hence we do not "go out of our way" to attack this party. Politically THE BLADE is Republican, and it attacks all enemies of that party.

2.—We assume that THE BLADE'S readers are intelligent people, and do not need to be told that New Hampshire and other states mentioned are Republican. With regard to New Jersey it was of great importance, as we view it, that Republicanism should triumph there, or in any other state. We repeat that, politically, we are Republican, and we are laboring for the triumph of the principles which the Republican party represents. The action of the third party in New Jersey was without sense or reason. They knew that they had not the slightest chance of electing a single candidate on their state ticket; they knew that the Democratic party was pledged to the repeal of the existing law, that had given prohibition to the greater portion of the state; they knew that the Republicans were pledged to its maintenance; yet they voted in the air, gave the state to the Democrats, and caused the repeal of the law. Their votes were as much against Prohibition and in favor of the Rum Power as if they had cast Democratic ballots.

3.—Our correspondent makes the fundamental error of assuming that the Republican party is a unit, and that no matter what might be engrafted in its platform, it would poll its full strength. The Republican party does not claim, as he alleges, that it is "the prohibition party." It is true that there are more Prohibitionists in its ranks than in those of the Democratic party and the third party put together. But the Republicans are not an unit for prohibition, by any means. For the Republican party in either of the states named by our correspondent, to have taken a position for or against prohibition—to have made it a party test—would have meant simply defeat. To refuse to indorse any subject does not mean that the party, as a party, is opposed to it, nor that it is in favor of it. President HARRISON had no possible reason to lug prohibition into his inaugural address. He is an executive officer, not a law maker, nor was his inaugural in the nature of advice to Congress, as is an annual message. Prohibition is a state question, not a national one, except so far as the District of Columbia and the territories are under the care of Congress.—Nor have we ever charged, even "in substance," that all third party men are cranks or hypocrites, and our correspondent knows it. We have believed them sincere, but mistaken. As to the third party practically playing into the hands of the Democracy, that has been clearly demonstrated.

4.—The Republican party has entire control of the national government, as our correspondent says; but what does he expect it to do? We presume he wants it to pass a resolution proposing a prohibition amendment to the federal constitution. We should be glad to see such an amendment; but so long as Prohibition cannot carry in the states, what sense, what utility is there in the submission of the proposition? At most, it could not get a majority of the legislatures of more than five or six states. It would be defeated in the others.

THE BLADE has always believed that if the efforts that are lamentably wasted in an effort to build up a separate political party were spent in educating public sentiment in favor of prohibition as the best, the only, means of handling the liquor question, that reform would be accomplished the more quickly. We trust that our friend will ponder the points here presented, not as a bigot or fanatic, but as a man who desires the triumph of Prohibition, and is willing to do anything practical that is a step in that direction.

A REQUEST.

We shall be much obliged to our readers in Pennsylvania if they will send us copies of the campaign literature circulated in that state, opposing Prohibition. We shall be glad to refute the arguments of the Rum Power, and show their falsity through our columns. Do it *at once!*

THE report comes from Washington that the President will call an extra session of the Fifty-first Congress in the early part of October, to consider tariff matters. With this object in view, and after a consultation with the President, Secretary WINDOM has instructed, or will shortly instruct, the collectors of customs at New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and probably one or two other points, to study the tariff bill introduced in the Senate of the Fiftieth Congress, and make a full report as to the effect it would have were it a law. These reports will be digested by the secretary of the Treasury, and a bill will probably be drawn based on his conclusions.

THIS time JOE MULHATTON has outdone himself. He tells of the finding of bones of an immense reptile which enclose the skeleton of a man of more than ordinary size, whom the snake had evidently swallowed entire before its death, and who probably lay a trifle heavily upon its stomach. He even finds "a local geologist," who tells at what age both man and snake lived. For a good, able-bodied, completely rounded out, energetic, tend-to-business lie, this goes ahead of any story published this season.

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENCE.

The Postmaster-General has issued an order which, as the New York *Tribune* well says, will meet with the hearty approval of the newspapers of the country without regard to party. The same paper continues: Before the Cleveland administration came in correspondents at many points were accustomed to write for the newspapers which they represented up to the time of the departure of the railway trains which were to carry their letters to the home office. These letters, being too early or too late for the mails, were entrusted to trainmen. In virtue of this privilege a correspondent often saved an hour or more of valuable time, and thus was enabled to send along news later than that which he could get in the mail-bag of the day. It was a privilege greatly appreciated, especially by the smaller papers, since it not only saved them time, but their telegraph bills.

Postal accommodation was not one of the strong points of the late administration. In fact, as everybody is aware, it had a genius for disorganizing the postal service, and depriving it of its efficiency. It is not strange, therefore, that during the days of Mr. CLEVELAND an order should have gone forth prohibiting trainmen from receiving or delivering these newspaper letters.

Postmaster-General WANAMAKER has rescinded the obnoxious order. He did so, it is understood, on the application of RUSSELL B. HARRISON, who, being a newspaper man, was able to speak feelingly on the subject. Here is the order:

> POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT,
> Washington, D. C., April 5, 1889.
>
> Hon. Russell B. Harrison, Executive Mansion.
>
> SIR—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th ultimo in reference to the carriage of manuscript for publication by private express or trainman, and to advise you that the Postoffice department has never insisted that it is unlawful to carry by express or private carriage such manuscript as is intended for publication, when not accompanied by any matter in the nature of personal correspondence. Mere news matter prepared by the correspondents of the press for the columns of their papers can, under the ruling, be carried by express or otherwise than in the mails.
>
> But if any matter in the nature of a personal correspondence is enclosed with such manuscripts, it can only be carried under cover of a government stamped envelope. Very respectfully,
>
> JOHN WANAMAKER,
> Postmaster-General.

HARRISON'S SILVER POLICY.

The outcome of the attempts to influence the administration in favor of the increased coinage of silver dollars is the statement that President HARRISON will recommend in his first annual message another international conference for the establishment of a bimetallic standard of money. It is indeed the purpose of the administration to urge the necessity of an international standard for gold and silver by which a gold or silver dollar will be worth the same the world over.

It is believed that the United States will have the co-operation of Mexico and the Central and South American powers in the matter. This country has coined 320,000,000 silver dollars under the act of 1878, and has $215,373,079 of paper currency based on it in circulation. President HARRISON'S stand in favor of a policy which would remove the danger of depreciation of this part of the currency is given as another reason why the business solution can reasonably be one of confidence.

WHISKY IN OKLAHOMA.

It would seem as if the Federal government might stretch a point in dealing with the Oklahoma situation. The decision that there is no longer any law prohibiting the sale of liquor in the territory is undoubtedly correct, but a trifle of delay in sending on the necessary licenses and stamps would do no harm and would result in a lack of whisky at a time when whisky is going to be a most potent factor for evil. When the race for land comes the minds of the settlers are going to be inflamed enough by ordinary causes, and artificial stimulants to excitement, in the shape of the poisonous stuff that goes by the name of whisky on the frontier, will change what now promises to be a bloody conflict into a certainty of one.

IT seems that April 30th, of this year, is not a legal holiday in the United States. It has been hastily assumed that it was made so by Congressional enactment, for a sentence in President HARRISON'S proclamation recommending that an hour be set apart on that day for religious services. He said:

> The centennial of this illustrious event in our history has been declared a general holiday by act of Congress to the end that the people of the whole country may join in commemorative exercises appropriate to the day.

The statement, however, that it was declared a "general" holiday was certainly a slip of the President's pen, because the act of Congress to which he referred is simply a clause in the sundry civil service appropriation bill of the last session, which, besides appropriating money for the celebration of the Washington inauguration, made the 30th a legal holiday for the District of Columbia and the territories.

The attorney general is of the opinion that the act does not apply to the states at all, and in this he seems to be joined by some of the governors, who have issued proclamations declaring the day a holiday in their respective states.

In point of fact, Congress has never assumed to fix a general holiday for the states, nor do we think it has any right or power to do so. That is a matter for the legislatures of the individual states, and not for the federal government.

THE railway postal service has had about 500 changes made in it since March 4. These have been very largely reinstatements of trained men, with years of experience, who were removed to make room for raw and untrained men, because the latter were Democrats. The utter demoralization of the postal service followed, and the readiest means of putting this very important service in good condition was to restore the trained and efficient employes who had been removed. The public will be glad of the change.

IF, as Secretary WINDOM seems to think, the contract labor law prohibits a foreign manufactory bringing its entire plant, including its workmen, into this country, it would seem the part of wisdom to amend it. The theory of the law is to prevent existing industries from importing labor to take the place of that already employed, not to stop a manufactory, which comes as a new industry, bringing its labor with it.

THERE have been many instances of stage-struck damsels in this and other sections of the country, but the case of a Marine City, Mich., girl so far beats the record. Although but 14 years old, she tried to poison the entire family in order to remove all obstacles in her path toward becoming the leading lady in a cowboy combination.

THE nomination of WILLIAM P. HEPBURN, of Iowa, to be solicitor of the Treasury, will be a popular one in his own state. Mr. HEPBURN is one of the leading Republicans of Iowa for many years, is strong mentally and physically, and a man whose personal reputation is as high as his political. It is an excellent selection.

HON. ROBERT SMALLS, the leading colored Republican of South Carolina, and the ex-Representative who was defrauded of his re-election by Bourbon trickery, has been appointed collector of the port at Beaufort, that state, by President HARRISON. It is a merited recognition of a competent and worthy man.

GENERAL SIGEL has resigned his place as Pension agent at New York city. His own honor is unstained, and he carries with him into retirement the sympathy of the country in the sorrow caused by his son's unfilial conduct.

CURE BY HANGING.

Physicians, of course, know what locomotor ataxia is. For the benefit of laymen, however, it is proper to say that it is a paralysis of the locomotor nerves that always has resulted in death. But now, over in Paris, the surgeons have devised a new treatment for this deadly disease. It is not a new thing exactly, as it has been tried before, and as a rule with startlingly successful results. The patients, however, on whom it has been formerly used, were more ill morally than physically, as the new remedy is none other than hanging. This difference also exists: In the class of hangings which have been and still are popular in this country, the formula was to hang a man "by the neck until he was dead." This new surgical treatment contemplates hanging a nearly dead man until he gets well. The theory is that stretching the spinal column relieves the paralysis, and the New York *Herald*, in writing about it, says that an eminent surgeon of that city, Dr. MORTON, seems to think that the effect of suspending the patient with a diseased spinal cord is either due to a diminution of the irritability of the cord, by stretching it, or that the frequent and forced reduction of abnormal irritability may possibly become permanent. But whatever may be the true explanation of the therapeutic value of suspension in this disease, it appears to be a most important means for the relief or cure of the affection.

By the use of a new device for suspending ataxic patients, described in last week's Philadelphia *Medical News*, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of that city, has been able to suspend a person twenty minutes in perfect ease. Such an apparatus is likely to add much to the beneficial effect of the treatment by "hanging."

THE QUESTION OF CIDER.

Quoting an opinion of THE BLADE, that cider is an intoxicant, the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* says:

> Some time has elapsed since an Iowa court, deciding a case under the prohibitory law, classed cider with intoxicating liquors. Of course we turned at once to the Toledo BLADE to see it begin to smash the cider press. It appeared to be quiescent. There was evidently some delay in getting its maul ready. Finally, however, it gives intimations that it is about ready to begin its smashing business.

The argument is then made that people in favor of prohibition are inconsistent, inasmuch as they put cider under the ban in Iowa and are willing to allow its use in Pennsylvania. As a matter of fact there is no inconsistency about it. The *Commercial Gazette* seems to mistake the real idea of prohibition. It is a means, not an end. The end sought for is the prevention and cure of drunkenness, and the only reason why prohibition is urged is that it is the most practical means to that end. If it could be shown that the giving of whisky away would stop the drinking habit, then give whisky away. The thing is to stop the drinking. So THE BLADE still holds that cider is an intoxicating liquor. But if the people of Pennsylvania are willing to give up whisky and beer, but insist on holding on to cider, let them do it. It would be better to give up the cider, too, but on the other hand it would be better to have them give up the whisky and keep the beer, rather than not give up the whisky at all. The position of THE BLADE in this matter is the same as on the high license question. If believes that prohibition is best thing, but where it cannot get that, it is willing to take high license as being the next best. It does not believe in refusing half a loaf because you cannot get a whole one.

ONCE in a while poetic justice is meted out in this workaday world. The latest instance is this: In 1886, when that old fossil, JEFF DAVIS, was received at Atlanta with such an outburst of rebel enthusiasm, a colored teacher of that city, named GRAVES, declined to dismiss his pupils and march in the procession, to do honor to the old head of the slaveholders' rebellion. The city board of education at once dismissed GRAVES for "contumacy." Now comes President HARRISON, whose first appointment in Georgia was of this same colored teacher, GRAVES, to an important and lucrative clerkship. And all fair minded men will say amen to the appointment.

THE Behring Sea matter is a very simple one. This area of water is included by Asia, Alaska, and the chain of the Aleutian Islands, which extend in a curve from the extreme point of the peninsula of Alaska to the eastern coast of Asia. Russia always claimed that this made it a "closed sea," over which she claimed exclusive jurisdiction. This government takes the position that our purchase from Russia of Alaska carried with it this control, and Russia endorses our claim. Great Britain opposes it, and it is probable that the matter will be the first grave subject of international diplomacy to come up after the settlement of the Samoan difficulty.

THE earliest federal office holders to be recalled from abroad should be the free trade consuls who spent their time last year in preparing partisan free trade arguments, under the guise of official reports, which were printed and circulated as campaign documents to aid in GROVER CLEVELAND'S campaign for re-election. The American policy is one of protection, and our commercial representatives abroad should be in full sympathy with it.

"TRUSTS the creatures of the tariff" Dear mistaken free trade friend, do you know that there is a trust just organized in England, with a capital of $500,000,000, which will absolutely control all the coal mines of England, and that every one who uses coal will have to pay an increased price therefor? And do you know that over a dozen trusts have been organized in that country since the beginning of the year?

REV. DR. TALMAGE, on his return from his recent lecturing tour in the West, made the following remark, as related by the Brooklyn *Times*:

> He said that there is one thing which strikes him more forcibly each time he goes West and that is, the difference between the people of the East and the West is continually vanishing. He can't see a bit of difference between a Boston audience and a St. Louis or Kansas City audience.

THE process of debt reduction by bond purchases has been actively kept up since Secretary WINDOM took charge of the Treasury department. In that time he has purchased bonds to the face value of $12,830,950, at a cost of $14,832,578. The saving to the government in the excess of the interest stopped over the premium paid is $2,317,088.

APRIL 27 is the anniversary of the birth of General GRANT, and the occasion will be commemorated in New York and many other cities of the country. It is conducive to patriotism to thus keep in reverence the memories of the mighty ones of the American Walhalla.

PHILADELPHIA claims that high license has driven the crooks and thieves from that city, through the suppression of the dives wherein they congregated. That is excellent. Now try prohibition, and send the saloons, big and little, to join the crooks.

NOW THE news comes from Washington that Ohio is getting a few of the crumbs that fall from the presidential table. Senator SHERMAN sails for Europe May 1, and perhaps after that the dropping of plums into Ohio's lap may be a trifle accelerated.

THE city of Jackson, Mississippi, is the most stringent high license town in the United States. The city council has fixed the license rate at $2,000 per year. It will be interesting to note the effect of this high tax on the saloon interest.

THE DEFEAT OF THE AMENDMENT IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The proposition to amend the state constitution of Massachusetts by incorporating therein a provision prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, was defeated. This was not a surprise to us. We have watched attentively the contest, and saw clearly that it would be lost.

This defeat is to be attributed solely to the fact that the people of the state are not convinced that Prohibition is, after all, the only final and complete solution of the liquor question. It is a fact that there was a large minority of the educated and intelligent classes opposed to Prohibition. The ministers of the state, for instance, were not solidly in favor of the amendment. The Methodist and Baptist clergy were practically an unit for it, and those of the Protestant Episcopal church were almost all opposed to it; while a considerable number of those of other denominations were against it, including the Rev. Dr. PHILLIPS BROOKS, and some others of the most distinguished ministers in the state. The doctors and lawyers were against it by a large majority, and the same thing seems to have been true regarding college professors and presidents.

A part of the opposition to the amendment was due to the former experience with Prohibition in Massachusetts, and to the stringent liquor legislation now in force. It is to be remembered that the state had Prohibition for a number of years. In 1867, after fifteen years under that law, the legislature appointed a committee to investigate its workings and clergymen, college professors, mayors of cities and others testified that the habit of drinking had increased faster than the population, and that the law was largely ignored or evaded. The outcome was the abandonment of state Prohibition, and the passage, in 1875, of the present local option and high license law.

The present statute is the most stringent and the best executed of any liquor legislation in any state, and it has steadily increased in severity under successive legislatures. At first it was left to the selectmen or aldermen to decide whether license should be granted, or whether the traffic should be prohibited. Now it is left to the voters, being submitted every year at the spring elections. At first the sale of liquors had to be proved; now their mere presence is enough to convict. The saloons at first were allowed to be open till midnight; now they must close at 11 p. m. Liquor that contains 1 per cent or over of alcohol is now classed as intoxicating. Formerly there was no limit to the number of licenses; now there can be but one issued to every 1,000 inhabitants, save in Boston, where the limit is 500. The lowest license is $1,000, and the rate can be as much higher as the selectmen or aldermen wish.

The one feature of the law that is very commendable is that requiring the question of prohibiting the traffic or of licensing it for the next year, to be voted on every spring. This brings the evil of the traffic before the people constantly. It is an educator, so to speak. The number of license communities shows a gradual diminution; and, altogether, the present Massachusetts law has proved the best, in its workings, of any local option scheme now in operation in any state. To this excellence is due the defeat of the amendment—added to the fact that the cities of the state have a very heavy foreign-born population, which is solidly against Prohibition. A glance at

PROHIBITION PROHIBITS!!

IT IS A BIG SUCCESS.

AT BESSBROOK MILLS, IRELAND.

The Experiment There—Outcome of a Discussion in a Boston Restaurant—A Special Cablegram from the Owner of the Mills.

Boston Traveller, April 18.

In the *Traveller* of Monday there was a communication from Rev. William M. Thayer, in which he urged that prohibition can be enforced. He closed as follows, using a quotation which we understand was taken from the *Union Signal* of Chicago:

Some years ago the convocation of the province of Canterbury appointed a large committee of the oldest leaders of the established church of England to examine and report on the evils of intemperance. In that elaborate and famous report the committee gives the names of 1,273 parishes and districts in which there is not one liquor shop. The landlords have the right to prohibit the traffic on their land, and they use it in these districts, so that the committee declare that pauperism and crime are very rare. How rare the reader may know from the following results of prohibition in Bessbrook, Ireland, founded and built up by John G. Richardson, manufacturer of Irish linen, who prohibits the sale of intoxicating drinks on his vast estate:

"The Bessbrook mills employ 3,000 persons—all Irish. Liquor shops are not allowed within the limits of the town. One hotel is allowed, conducted on temperance principles. There is a temperance society, of which Mr. Richardson is president, and a large number of the workmen members. In addition to Sabbath worship, for which every facility is granted, there is a reading room, library and excellent schools for week-day use. There is no police, poorhouse or prison in the place, since there is no drunkenness, no quarreling, though the inhabitants are all Irish; no theft, no crime—in short, the operatives are models of sobriety and good order! By law the constabulary are found in all the towns of Ireland, but they are not found in Bessbrook, because they are not needed. Mr. Richardson alleges that so long as he keeps out the liquor shops they can do without police; but as soon as the tap-room is introduced they will require the constabulary. So prosperous are the people that nothing like an 'Irish cabin' is to be seen. Having no paupers and criminals, taxation is light.

"If one man can enforce prohibition so thoroughly, any state or nation can if it desires. The results of prohibition must be the same, whether enforced by individuals or government."

A number of Boston merchants, whose names can be given if needed, who were dining together at a down-town restaurant, on Monday, were discussing the information contained in the above communication. One of them, who had not been in favor of the amendment, said to a well known Prohibitionist, a prominent merchant in the leather trade: "If you come into rum and get a reply confirming those statements in that article, I will not go to New York on Saturday, as I had intended to do, but will stay here in order to vote for the amendment." Another gentleman agreed to forward the cablegram, which the leather merchant paid for.

The following is a copy of the cablegram sent:

BOSTON, April 15, 4:20 p. m.

John G. Richardson, Bessbrook

The statement is made here in a local paper that liquor shops are not allowed in Bessbrook—no police, poorhouse nor prison required; no theft nor crime to speak of; operatives sober and prosperous. Is this true? Please cable reply.

CHARLES T. BARRY.

To this the following reply at 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning, was received:

BESSBROOK, April 16, 1888.

Charles T. Berry, Boston.

Information correct. I am sending further particulars. RICHARDSON.

As particulars forwarded by mail could not reach here prior to the election, the following cablegram was sent at 3:50 p. m. on Tuesday:

BOSTON, April 16.

John G. Richardson, Bessbrook.

Thanks for reply; please cable further; urgent. BARRY.

The following reply was received at 9 a. m. to-day:

BESSBROOK, April 17.

Charles T. Barry, Boston.

Bessbrook has for 40 years been a temperance town. Our linen factory employs over 3,000 operatives, Catholics and Protestants, and all are living harmoniously together. We have neither public house, policeman, prison, pawnshop or paupers. I would refer you to Frances Willard's *Union Signal* for further particulars. RICHARDSON.

It will hardly be disputed any longer that prohibition prohibits at Bessbrook, or that its results are of a most satisfactory character.

MR. THAYER'S LETTER.

He Supplements the Above, and Makes Certain Corrections in Its Statements.

The Boston *Traveller* of Saturday, April 20, contains the following letter from Mr. William M. Thayer:

Your interesting report of cabling to Bessbrook, Ireland, to learn if my statement in your Monday's issue was correct, says that my extract about Bessbrook was probably taken from the *Union Signal*. This is an error. I took the extract from my annual report of the Massachusetts Temperance Alliance for 1869, page 34, and I copied it into that report at the time from that famous English quarterly, the *Review*, for April, 1867.

Make the largest score of all for prohibition right here; for that extract is 22 years old! According to Mr. Richardson's cablegram it is just as correct a description of Bessbrook to-day as it was in April, 1867. Nothing like prohibition of the liquor traffic to perpetuate order, peace and virtue. Prohibition don't mould; it is under licenses that things mould. The absence of the saloon don't invite the presence of pauperism, immorality and crime; these come when the saloon comes, and they stay as long as the saloon stays. There is no sort of legerdemain that can get rid of them except that which destroys the saloon. They come and go with it. The story of Bessbrook confirms this statement.

Another fact. Good people never get tired of prohibition. Richardson and his 3,000 operatives like it just as well to-day as they did thirty years ago. I rather think they like it better. If we should try it thirty years thoroughly in Massachusetts, we should like it just as well as the Bessbrookians do. Let us try it, and see. Prohibition enforced never fails, that is because it is truth, and truth "crushed to earth will rise again." Can't keep it down. Defeat prohibition next Monday and it is not defeated. It will "rise again" just as sure as God lives, and quickly too. With him for it, it is always in the majority really.

All the facts about Bessbrook which my article contained, in addition to the extract, I gathered from that most remarkable report on temperance ever given to the world—"Report of the Convocation of Canterbury"—issued in June, 1869 by the Episcopal Church of England. Twenty years old it is truth; but just as good as new. Prohibition never grows old any more than light or knowledge do; its beverage is water. They who drink rum age rapidly. The amendment is in the interest of youthful vigor and sanitary laws.

Bessbrook is only one of 1,273 parishes and townships, in the Province of Canterbury, where prohibition *does prohibit*, according to the above-named report. The result is the same in all of them—"no disorder, pauperism, immorality or crime," nor does time change this state of things in any of them. Secular and moral prosperity come with prohibition, and stay with it, as surely as disorder, vice and crime come with the saloon, and stay with it.

We commend Bessbrook as a study to our opponents. It will knock the bottom out of any argument for license they have relied upon. We commend it to the teachers of religion who can see no beauty or benefit in the amendment. There is more real moral and religion in its prohibition experience than exists in all the wine-drinking churches on this continent. It will do them good to study so great a fact. Brother Dexter, of the Congregationalist, will find it more profitable than whole alcoves of Congregational history. Had he been familiar with it he would not have been so scared by the amendment. All study Bessbrook.

God bless John G. Richardson, the benefactor of Bessbrook! Grand example for American manufacturers to imitate! Every yard of his excellent Irish linen praises him. Hundreds of operatives who might have been ruined by rum, and hundreds of families that might have been made miserable in consequence, but for his enforcement of prohibition, rise up to bless him. Each person saved from vice and ruin by his example and rule, will be a star in his crown! God bless him! "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

WILLIAM M. THAYER.

WHAT NEAL DOW SAYS

OF PROHIBITION UP IN MAINE.

How It Has Reduced the Traffic—It Has Made the Poorest State One of the Richest.

Under date of April 15, Hon. Neal Dow, of Portland, Maine, the Nestor of Prohibition in that state, thus writes to the Boston *Traveller:*

Statements as to what I am reported as saying about the failure of the Maine law in Maine have been going the rounds of the press throughout the country, and they have been coming to me from almost every state in the Union in great numbers, all of them calling for a reply.

1. The Maine law was enacted in 1851, and the immediate effect was to drive out of the liquor business every decent man wishing to be considered a good citizen. Within the first year of the law the traffic was reduced to at least one-twentieth of its former volume, where it is and has been during all these years. In all our rural districts and smaller towns and villages the traffic is practically unknown.

2. But it lingers on a small scale, and more or less on the sly, in our cities and larger towns, because and only because of certain deficiencies in the law, which for more than twenty years we have earnestly sought to have corrected. For this purpose we have been petitioning every legislature for more than twenty years, and have always been refused, consequently the small fraction of the liquor traffic keeps on pretty much as it has done during these years.

3. The grogshops run only for the profit of the business, not for the fun of it nor for the purpose of accommodating people; it is only for the profit. That being so, every man not quite an innocent must see that they cannot be entirely suppressed unless the law is so constructed as to make the business unprofitable and very uncomfortable to those who violate it. Such a prohibitory law has never yet been enacted anywhere. We shall have it so in Maine by and by, when every rum den in the state will shut up without delay and with no contest in the courts.

4. Another immediate effect of the law in Maine was to suppress every distillery and ever brewery in the state. There were many of them, seven of the former and two of the latter—large ones—being in this city. At the same time we had large importations of West India rum, coming to us by the cargo, many cargoes every year, regular returns for immense exportations of lumber and fish, which were the chief articles of export, and the chief articles of import being rum and molasses for conversion into rum at our numerous distilleries. All this immense quantity of rum, imported and domestic, was for home consumption. Now, there is not a puncheon of rum imported into the state and has not been in many years.

5. Maine in the old rum-time was the poorest state in the Union, our people consuming in drink, the entire valuation of all our property in every period of 20 years, as the people of the Union are now doing in every period of 35 years. But as the result of prohibition we save annually, directly and indirectly, more than $24,000,000, which under any form of licensed would be wasted in drink. The result of this is, that Maine is now one of the most prosperous states in the Union. Mr. Blaine at a great political meeting in our city hall declared it to be "the most prosperous state in the Union." He said also: "There are no people in the Anglo-Saxon world by whom so little alcoholic liquors are consumed as by the inhabitants of Maine in proportion to numbers."

6. The whole face of the state and the character of its people have been changed for the better in many ways as the result of prohibition. Better buildings, public and private, all over the state; better, far better, cultivation of farms; far better roads; better homes and barns, all kept in nice order; better ways of living; better education among the people, who are generally well-to-do—a great many of them rich; indications of industry and comfort everywhere.

7. In 1884, after more than thirty years' experience of the benefits of prohibition, our people put it into the constitution by a majority of 47,075, the affirmative vote being three times larger than the negative.

NEAL DOW.

INVESTIGATION MEMORIAL.

Presented by Senator Frye in the United States Senate, on the Rum Traffic.

Published by request.

The following investigation memorial was presented in the United States Senate by Senator Frye, of Maine, April 9, and referred to the committee on Finance:

WHEREAS, The best interests of labor and capital demand the abatement of hindrances to their prosperity; and,

WHEREAS, Fact and philosophy show that their greatest incubus is the waste of hundreds of millions of dollars annually in intoxicants, which, if spent in honest products of labor and capital, would prove under consumption instead of over production to be the financial and industrial trouble of our country. Every average $100 of home beverage trade in intoxicants killing thousands of dollars of honest employment of labor and capital. And the same ratio of commercial ruin and death appertaining to liquor export. Every average $100 of which sent to African and other barbarious and semi-civilized people ruining thousands of dollars worth of trade in products of American farmers, mechanics and merchants.

Therefore, The United States Congress is hereby respectfully memorialized to authorize the Department of Labor to investigate the above indictment of manufacturers of, dealers in, and exporters of intoxicants, as the great financial enemies of every producer on American farms; or in forests, mines, fisheries or other honest skilled industries. Of every stockholder in legitimate financial, or manufacturing or exporting concerns, or in carrying and distributing trades on land or sea. And of all who earn or pay honest wages."

A Florida Ship Canal.

OSCEOLA, Fla., April 20.—EDITOR BLADE:—I see that the Nicaragua Canal company has obtained a charter from Congress, and will undoubtedly build the canal. Now why not keep the ball rolling and build another canal, one that is already proposed? That is from Jacksonville, Fla., across the state to Old Town, on the Suwanee river. The steamers run up the river above that at present. Now when the Nicaragua canal is completed, this one in Florida will be a great necessity, for then the ships and steamers from New York will have a nearly straight course through into the Pacific ocean. It will not cost much to build this canal, as it is only about 150 miles, if it is as far as that, with no hills, no hard rock or ledge to cut through. It would be easy digging. Now, why not agitate the question in your paper, and try and give Florida a lift and help her poor farmers to get their produce into market from the interior of the state?—WILLIAM R. CLAY.

The Youngest Sister.

CORINTH, Ill., April 20.—EDITOR BLADE:—The youngest person who ever sang for Ben Harrison is Gracie, the baby daughter of J. E. Johnson, of this place. She is only 23 months old, and can sing almost all of the campaign glee songs, such as "Hurrah for Harrison," "I Saw the Boat Go Round the Bend," "We Will Down the Red Bandana," and others. Her parents are both good singers. Gracie is the youngest of four children. It may seem strange to hear of a child so young singing, but I have heard her, and it can be vouched for by many people. Her father says full one-fourth of her time is spent in singing. Although she cannot speak the words plainly, she can carry the tune as correctly as any one.—READER.

A Voice From Tennessee.

LA GRANGE, Tenn., April 20.—EDITOR BLADE:—I was very much interested in the letter from Governor Humphreys, of Kansas. I think it is conclusive on the prohibition question. It makes one thing clear to my mind. It is this: If the Democratic party in the West and North does not let go of whisky, it is a dead party in a few years. A few more Henry Watterson, with his anti-prohibition sentiments as expressed in the *Courier-Journal*, will be successful in killing the party they profess to love, by driving all the prohibitionists out of it.—G. T. H.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER IV.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

Mine eyes have seen of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible, swift sword;
His truth is marching on!

CHORUS:—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on!

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on!

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;"
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on!

He has sounded forth the trumpet that sha never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on!

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on!

WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?

BY CHAS. C. SAWYER.

[During one of the battles of the rebellion, among many other noble fellows that fell, was a young man who had been the only support of an aged and sick mother for years. Hearing the surgeon tell those who were near him that he could not live, he placed his hand across his forehead, and with a trembling voice said, while burning tears ran down his fevered cheeks, "Who will care for mother now?"

Why am I so weak and weary?
See how faint my heated breath,
All around to me seems darkness,
Tell me, comrades, is this death?
Ah! how well I know your answer;
To your trust I meekly flee.
If you'll only tell me, truly,
Who will care for mother now?

CHORUS.

Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow;
I have for my country fallen,
Who will care for mother now?

Who will comfort her in sorrow?
Who will kiss the falling tear?
Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead?
Who will wisper words of cheer?
Even now I think I see her
Kneeling, praying for me! How
Can I leave her in her anguish?
Who will care for mother now?

Let this knapsack be my pillow,
And my mantle be the sky;
Hasten, comrades, to the battle,
I will like a soldier die.
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow;
I have for my country fallen,
Who will care for mother now?

WHISTLING IN HEAVEN.

[In response to several requests, we republish this vidid picture of old frontier life, if THE BLADE'S readers desire to preserve it, please cut it out, as it will never appear in these columns again.]

You're surprised that I ever say so?
Just wait till the reason I'm given
Why I say I shall ne'er be in the music,
Unless there is whistling in heaven.
Then you'll think it no great wonder,
Nor so strange, nor so bold a conceit,
That unless there's a boy there whistling,
It's music will not be complete.

It was late in the autumn of '40;
We had come from our far Eastern home
Just in season to build us a cabin,
Ere the cold of the winter should come;
And we lived all the while in our wagon
That husband was clearing the place
Where the house was to stand; and the clearing
And building it took many days.

So that our heads were scarce sheltered
In under its roof, when our store
Of provisions was almost exhausted,
And husband must journey for more;
And the nearest place where he could get them,
Was yet such a distance away,
That it forced him from home to be absent
At least a whole night and a day.

You see we'd but two or three neighbors,
And the nearest was more than a mile;
And we hadn't found time yet to know them,
For we had been busy the while,
And the man who had helped at the raising
Just stood till the job was well done;
And as soon as his money was paid him,
Had shouldered his axe and had gone.

Well, husband just kissed me and started—
I could scarcely suppress a deep groan
At the thought of remaining with baby
So long in the house all alone;
For, my dear, I was childish and timid,
And braver might well have feared,
For the wild wolf was often heard howling,
And savages sometimes appeared.

But I smothered my grief and my terror
Till husband was off on his ride,
And then in my arms I took Josey,
And all the day long sat and cried,
As I thought of the long, dreary hours
When the darkness of night should fall,
And I was so utterly helpless,
With no one in reach of my call,

And when the night came with its terrors
To hide ev'ry ray of the light;
I hung up a quilt by the window,
And, almost dead with affright,
I kneeled by the side of the cradle,
Scarce daring to draw a full breath
Lest the baby should wake, and its crying
Should bring us a horrible death.

There I knelt until late in the evening,
And scarcely an inch had I stirred,
When suddenly, far in the distance,
A sound as of whistling I heard.
I started up dreadfully frightened
For fear 'twas an Indian's foul fiend,
And then, very soon, I remembered
The red man ne'er whistles at all.

And when I was sure 'twas a white man,
I thought, were he coming for ill
He'd surely approach with more caution—
Would come without warning and still—
Then the sounds coming nearer and nearer,
Took the form of a tune light and gay,
Then I knew I needn't fear evil
From one who would whistle that way.

Very soon I heard footsteps approaching,
Then came a peculiar dull thump,
As if some one was heavily striking
An axe in the top of a stump;
And then, in another brief moment,
There came a light tap on the door,
When quickly I undid the fast'ning,
And in stepped a boy; and before

There was either a question or answer,
Or either had time to speak,
I just threw my glad arms around him,
And gave him a kiss on the cheek.
Then I started back, scared at my boldness,
But lo! no fear smiled at my fright,
As he said, "I'm your neighbor a boy, Alick,
Come to tarry with you through the night.

"We saw your husband go eastward,
And made up our minds he had gone,
And I said to the rest of our people,
'That woman is there all alone,
And I venture she's awfully lonesome,
And though she may have no great fear,
I think she would feel a bit safer
If only a boy were but near.'

"So taking my axe on my shoulder,
For fear that a savage might stray
Across my path and need scalping,
I started right down this way;
And coming in sight of the cabin,
And thinking to save you alarm,
I whistled a tune, just to show you
I didn't intend any harm.

"And so here I am, at your service;
But if you don't want me to stay,
Why, all you need do is to say so,
And shouldn't ring my axe, I'll away."
I dropped in a chair and near fainted,
Just at the thought of his leaving me then,
And his eye gave a knowing bright twinkle,
As he said, "I guess I'll remain."

And then I just sat there and told him
How terribly frightened I'd been,
How his face was to me the most welcome
Of any I ever had seen,
And then I lay down with the baby,
And slept all the blessed night through,
For I felt I was safe from all danger
Near so brave a young fellow and true.

So now my dear friend, do you wonder,
Since such a good reason I've given,
Why I think it the sweetest music
And wish to hear whistling in heaven?
Yes, often I've said in earnest,
And now insist the more upon it,
That unless there's a boy there a whistling
Its music will not be complete.

Information Wanted.

☞ Requests of this sort will be inserted in this department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

I ask the BLADE readers if they know of a young man by the name of J. Wilfred Youngs. If they will write me their address, as well as his, and any information, it will be thankfully received and paid for. When last heard from he was in Oregon.—O. H. P. YOUNGS, Tiffany, Rock Co., Wis.

REV. ROBT. COLLYER.

A FAMOUS PREACHER AT HOME.

From Forge to Pulpit—His Cordiality and Personal Characteristics—Some of His Views.

[Written for THE BLADE by Antoinette Van Hoesen-Wakeman. Copyrighted 1889.]

FAIR morning it was, neither cloud nor mist shaded the clear sapphire of the sky, as, in response to a hearty, resonant "Come in," I opened the door of the Rev. Robert Collyer's study. I was greeted by a flood of sunshine which, streaming in through the broad east windows, was in perfect harmony with the radiant face of the white-haired man who was seated before the wide library table. Even those men who are the world's wealth, in that they are original men, not so much, perhaps, as others, but still to a great degree, are dependent for their best revealment on environing conditions. And charming, with a strong winsomeness, as is the famous Unitarian divine at all times, it is in his study, surrounded by his books and the particular personal belongings of his life and work, that his many-sided character finds its best and most complete revealment.

The Pastor's Study.

At once somber and bright, Dr. Collyer's study, which is in the Holland building, on the corner of Broadway and Fortieth street, seems to belong to him as does the shell to the turtle's back. Above and between the books which line the walls are pictures, valued for their association rather than as decorations. The only portrait in the room is a fine oil painting of the late Hon. Charles Sumner, who was a great admirer of Dr. Collyer's and a warm personal friend. I do not know that I am quite right in speaking of this as the only portrait in Dr. Collyer's study, for, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, he called my attention to the picture of one Nancy, who, he said, had been very highly regarded by himself and family. The picture of Nancy was that of a large, spotted cow. This cow, while they still lived in their old home at Batley, England, Dr. Collyer's family had raised by hand from a tiny calf and they were all greatly attached to her. A friend had this painting made and sent it to Dr. Collyer. It was detained in the custom house, and when the authorities wrote him asking at what price he valued the picture, he responded that he valued it beyond a price, as the original had been greatly prized by himself and family for her many virtues, among which was the quantity and quality of her milk and her affectionate gentleness. Whereupon the officers of customs forwarded the painting free of duty, and it now occupies a place over one of the large windows in his study.

Among the fine old engravings of rare bits of wild Yorkshire scenery, about the study walls most of which were made early in 1700, is one made of a mighty rock which Dr. Collyer says is "taller than a church spire is high," and upon which are plainly limned the huge features of a giant man, which fact has only recently been discovered. "Just think," said the Doctor, "I played about this rock as a boy and there was this vast face up there all the while and it had been watching the coming and the going of the ages all along, and no one knew anything about it."

Dr. Collyer's Anvil.

In looking about I missed the old anvil which was a familiar feature of Dr. Collyer's study in Unity church in Chicago. This anvil has had quite a history and been something of a traveler. When the blacksmith shop in which Dr. Collyer had worked at his trade was sold one of the members of his congregation purchased the anvil and placed it in his study. After the great fire the anvil was found in the debris of the burned church, and in response to a request from the Young Men's Unitarian society of Boston was sent on to them. When, however, Unity church was rebuilt the trustees claimed the anvil, and it was returned to them. It is now a fixture in the study there, and is a highly valued souvenir of the doctor, who devoted the best years of his mature manhood to upbuilding, from the small beginning of a little mission, Unity church, which is one of the richest and most prosperous Unitarian churches in America.

His Coming to New York.

Speaking of his anvil led Dr. Collyer to express himself in regard to his coming to New York. "I never regretted coming here," he said. "To be sure, my heart was deep down in Chicago, and many tender ties were severed when we came away, but it was best, not only for me, but the church there, and I am pleased to believe the church here also." Then, with a pleasant glow of satisfaction lighting up his face, he continued: "My church here is growing more and more like a big prosperous family. We are all fond of each other, and we work together in a very nice sort of a fashion. There is one thing we have done that I am a bit proud of, and you may put it down if you like, and that is our home for poor little children next door to St. George's church on Stuyvesant square." And then an indescribable sadness settled over his fine mobile features as he continued, "This work is under the especial patronage of the Kennicott club, a society of young women named for our dear daughter Annie, who made this mission her especial work. The last thing she did in this world was to attend to some affairs pertaining to it." The loss of this daughter is the heavy sadness which shadows Dr. Collyer's life.

After a moment the humorous brightness, which is like a touch of sun glow, came into his face and he said: "Don't put down that I do any of the work, for I don't. I just preach about it and the rest do the practicing, but we are getting on very prosperously, and are now looking toward a home of our own for our children."

His Belief in Woman Suffrage.

Knowing that some years ago Dr. Collyer was a gallant advocate of equal suffrage, I was curious as to whether or not he had changed his views on this much-mooted question. When I asked him in regard to the matter he became grave, and drawing down his brows in a perplexed fashion, he said, "I think we grow a bit more conservative as we grow older. I used to be quite positive and sure that it would be the best thing that women should vote as men do, but I feel a little troubled about it now. Still, I am really inclined to think that it would be a safe venture. One thing is sure, whatever a woman can do, she does better than a man can do it. I like a myth in the Talmud in regard to the creation of man and woman has within it a fine truth, as, indeed, most myths have. It reads that man was first created to go on all fours, then woman was created erect and she made him get up and stand and walk erect also. Yes, taking all things into account, I think to give women the suffrage would be a safe venture."

Women as Preachers.

And what is your opinion of women as preachers? I asked. "My opinion is this," said Dr. Collyer, quickly and earnestly, "every woman who is called to preach ought to preach, just as a man ought to who feels he is called, and if she don't do it she will suffer for it just as did the other unprofitable servant who hid his talent in a clout, and she should suffer for it, and you may put that down. But there are women who imagine they are called to preach just as some men do, when it is all a mistake. These last remind me of how Richard Baxter said it was in his time, that many young ministers were like young tadpoles, one-half of them was alive and the other half was mud."

Then, in discussing some of the eloquent women who are before the public as lecturers we drifted into speaking of

The Use of Tobacco.

In speaking of the strong stand being taken against the use of tobacco, as well as intoxicants, Dr. Collyer grew jolly, and with a droll mirthfulness of expression, he said: "I don't believe I have much to say on that subject. You see a man don't speak of his vices until he is about to make a finish of them, or wants to make capital of them, and in my case I don't want to do either. The truth is, most of us have our little pet vices. I am often reminded of the old Scotch professor who while he himself took snuff, had strictly forbidden the boys to smoke. Coming in one day the lecture room was so dense with smoke that he could not see the boys, although there was not a cigar in sight. This was too much for him, and he delivered a sharp and threatening lecture on the viciousness of the habit of smoking, which was well emphasized by frequent, long-drawn pinches of snuff."

Value of Early Training.

To deplore the lack of so-called early advantages when they have not been enjoyed, and to conclude that if a person has distinguished himself, not having received scholastic training, he would have risen to much greater eminence had he been so trained, is a common conclusion. However, whether or not this conclusion is correct is a question which the apostles of the "new education," which includes industrial training, would be likely to answer in the negative. In speaking of this to Dr. Collyer, I asked him if he did not think that his splendidly sustained strength, both mental and physical, which, under the weight of his 63 years, shows no sign of abatement, was not due to the fact that his vitality had not been impaired by the confinement and routine of school life? He said that he had thought that it was so, and that as the years went on he was better satisfied that his life had been what it was in its earlier as well as later days.

From Forge to Pulpit.

In this connection he told me of preaching in Detroit very soon after he left the forge, when he was "full of force and burliness to his very finger-tips." He said: "I laid it down to them with a great deal of force, and when I had done, one of my hearers, who had lost both health and vitality in striving for college honors, came up to me and said: 'Out upon college, anyway; if you had been through college, you could never have moved us all as you did.' There must be some plan evolved," continued Dr. Collyer, "by which the mind can be stored without loss either of force or vigor. I think we are working up to that in the schools now. My training was mostly industrial, with very little education." They are reversing that now, but they will get it just right after a time. When I was a factory boy, I always managed to read a bit, although when the great bell rang in the morning I used to be so tired that I felt as if I would like to throttle it once for all. When I was across, a short while ago, I was at dinner with the managers of that same factory, and I was telling them how I used to hate that bell. They told me they were going to take it down, and I begged that when it was broken up they would send me a piece. To my surprise, they sent me the whole bell, and I sent it up to Cornell university, where it now is."

His Cordiality.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and, as I looked at Dr. Collyer, so sturdy, strong and vigorous, showing no trace of the passage of years, save in his whitened hair, which is silvery at the temples and slightly thin at the crown and very abundant, that the training which produced such manhood was worthy the consideration of educators.

As I arose to go I inquired of Dr. Collyer if he was to preach the following Sunday in the Church of the Messiah, as I had expected to hear him the previous Sunday, but had been disappointed. "Yes," he replied, "I shall surely preach, unless it happens with me as it did with Dr. Gay, of Hingman. He, you know, was looking over his sermon on a Sunday morning when he was seized with a sudden illness and in an hour he was dead. There is always a last time. But, come, I guess you will hear the old man preach, and then come to dinner with us. It is always a favor if our friends come to dinner with us on Sunday." Then, with a merry laugh, "You see we always have more than we can eat, and I hate cold meat on Monday," and taking a cigar from his pocket he prepared to light it, saying, "You would go now, anyway, wouldn't you?"

His Personal Characteristics.

Plain, practical, even homely, with a habit of fronting the fact squarely, and with scant favor for finely wrought theories, Dr. Collyer is yet not utilitarian, but, as have the prophets, seers and philosophers throughout the ages, he listens to "the voices" which the material ear hears not, and touches with the creative power of poetic inspiration all that he undertakes. Eloquence, which is the handmaid of music and of poetry, "said the servant and the power of this man who moves great audiences by the force of his utterances. However, when he does write poetry, which he declares he does only under the prod of earnest request, it is so full of music and meaning that it is almost a matter of regret that a true poet has been lost in a great preacher, even though he be so strong, yet tender, that even his Socratic satire is ever less than wit because it never passes the approach to malice, and whose deep sympathies quicken into visibility and action the sympathies of all who come within the sound of his voice.

FASHION A HARD MISTRESS.

You Must Always Be Learning New Parts, Like the Actresses on the Stage.

"You may think it an easy thing to be a fashionable girl," commenied one of them recently, "but I can assure you it is a greatness which has its penalties. Fashion is inexorable and omnipresent. There is a rule for almost every moment of existence *a la mode*.

"Take the afternoon drive, for instance. The fashionable girl conforms constantly to accepted customs in such exercise. Having taken her position and adjusted her toilet with great care, she tilts her parasol at the proper angle and is driven off. This attitude of studied languor must not be disturbed. It is not good form to turn your head or look about you en route. A runaway dashing by your carriage would hardly justify a look behind. Stiffly stolid is the watchword of polite society on wheels, and the fashionable coachman ably aids and abets his mistress to preserve the correct demeanor. When she has driven enough a touch of her carriage bell signifies her desire to return, whereupon the statue on the box seat will whip straight up like a musket and wheels his horse about, levelling the lash again when they are headed homeward.

"And of course there is a fashionable way to leave the carriage. You must never lean forward getting your head out first. The properly trained woman retains her seat till one foot is above the carriage step, then, slightly rising, sinks her weight upon it and glides easily and gracefully to the curb.

"And besides the fixed laws," went on the tailor-made, "there are a thousand and one little ways to do things, from thrusting your gloves into your glass at dinner when you don't want wine to using your cigarette with just the proper ease when you are not a bit nearsighted, which change constantly. The fashionable walk is different every season. I can tell in a moment just how much a girl is in the swim by watching her gait. You remember the Alexandra limp of a few seasons ago? I was not out then, but I know my elder sister had one of her boot heels made considerably higher than the other to give her the proper lop as she stepped. There is a varying and distinct fashionable intonation to your voice, the way you carry your muff, your parasol, or your umbrella, the tilt of the head in recognizing an acquaintance—why, I believe there is a fashionable way to sleep.

"You wouldn't believe it, but this," and one pretty plump hand crept a little up the forearm of its fellow, hiding the tips of the tapering fingers under the lace of the slightly flowing sleeve, "just now is the swell way to hold your hands while sailing, you know, and they are quite graceful. A little while ago we clasped them loosely in our laps *a la* Evangeline, and a little before that it was swell to finger one button of your corsage with the left hand.

"You would be surprised, too, at the way these little caprices are started. Not long ago half the girls at the opera were holding ons hand, the right, up to their heads as if to shade the eye. That came about in this wise: A rich girl and quite a lea der has a defective right hand. She was injured when a child. Ungloved, she always keeps her hand out of sight; but gloved, the defect is not only hidden, but rather heightens the slim, pretty look, and she used to sit in her box at the opera her hand on exhibition up, lightly touching her temple. Other girls discovered and imitated her example, and soon it was a widespread custom. Oh, we really are dreadfully absurd—but then we are fashionable.

"What is really exhausting, however, is what I call the mental fashion. Such belong to the changeable ones, too. Fashionable knowledge is quite unlike any other—don't smile, please—it is so spasmodic. Sometimes it is art that you have to know all about, or enough about to conceal your ignorance; sometimes it is orchids; sometimes it is old bronzes; always something different. You have to skim through the last novel; be up in every fresh collection of paintings exhibited. Oh, I tell you it is fatiguing to keep up with the procession.

"I was positively glad of Lent this year, otherwise I don't see how I could have got creditable through the inauguration centennial. Why, I have spent hours over my history the last fortnight, and had the children's governess coach me besides. It is such a catalogue of events, such long-drawn agony, that it was really a task to master it all. But I have, and got a lovely toilet for the ball besides, everything of unassailable antiquity, too; so now I shall be clothed mentally and physically with perfect colonial accuracy."

A High Price.

Mr. Winks (reading)—The people of the United States pay $900,000 a year for their weather service.

Mrs. Winks—It's an awful price, considering the sort of weather we are served with.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Oklahomy or Bust.

'Tis said that a wagon passed through Kansas City recently bearing the following touching legend on its canvass cover:

"Chintzbuged in Illinois. Sicfoned in Newbraska, Whitecapped in Indiana, Baldknobbed in Missouri, Prohibited in Kansas. Oklahomy or bust!"

The new territory appears to be popular with the "busted" of older communities, most of whom have the makings of good citizens in them.

THAT AWFUL PHONOGRAPH.

It is Really a Very Awkward Thing to Have Around.

Private Secretary Pearson, of Gov. Beaver's office, Harrisburg, Pa., had a curious and somewhat startling experience with the graphophone. He began to turn the crank and supposed that he was about to cause the machine to give out to the young lady typewriter a message which the governor had talked into it the evening previous. The young lady was all attention, and the private secretary began solemnly to turn the crank, which works by a treadle. To his horror and the intense embarrassment of the young lady the following amorous jumble was given out with decided emphasis:

"Now, don't George. . . . There; somebody will come. Of course I love you. There; somebody really is coming, and you have mussed my hair all up. . . . Please, love, I'm so afraid that some one will come in, and, besides, I can't work this crank if you insist upon kissing me all the time."

The periods represent sounds too familiar to be mistaken. They were the smacking of lips and other sounds which accompany the interchange of caresses between lovers.

It was some little while before the matter could be satisfactorily explained, either by the young lady or by Mr. Pearson, who at first were disposed to imagine that somebody had been playing a practical joke upon them. The matter was finally straightened out, however, when the executive clerk came around, and, upon hearing of the incident, laughed heartily. He had the evening before been showing a bride and groom about the executive department, and, being called away a few minutes, had left them in the private secretary's room to amuse themselves with the graphophone while he attended to the business which had called him away.—*Electrical Review.*

The Wrong Woman.

In the doorway of Ricadonna's restaurant in Union Square is a marble bust of a woman. It is beautifully carved, but it has the figure of an over-developed body, and the face is coarse. There is a queer story about it. Some gentlemen desired to have a bust of Mrs. Cleveland carved by a famous sculptor in Florence. One of them secured a likeness of the ex-President's wife and gave it to his clerk to mail to the sculptor. Time passed, the order was executed, and the marble arrived at the custom-house. The box was opened eagerly, but when the statue was taken out surprise and sorrow fell upon those who had made the investment. Instead of Mrs. Cleveland's counterfeit presentment it proved to be this copy of some unknown lady, for the bust who sent the picture cannot explain whose it was or how he got it.—*New York Sun.*

Domestic Economy.

Some ladies made an afternoon call upon one of their friends recently, and, after enjoying their temporary visit half an hour or so, little Mina asked them if they would not like some cake. "Why," said her mother, "you must not offer that cake to our company, it is rather stale." "Oh, well, never mind that," replied Mina. "We had better get rid of it when we can so as to have some new made."—*Portland Argus.*

Her Appetite Caught Him.

Ed—Why did you marry Miss Elste?

Al—Because she's no fraud. I asked her at the ball what I should get her from the supper table.

Ed—Well?

Al—And she said instead of cream and jelly, "bring me some rare roast beef, a little chicken salad and a bottle of claret."—*The Epoch.*

Publishers' Column.

A NEW PICTURE.

Washington Entering New York and the Presidents of the United States.

Printed on heavy plate paper, size 22x28, representing Washington and his staff entering New York at the close of the Revolution, just after the embarkation of the British troops for home. It is a spirited engraving, portraying the greatest event of our Revolution next to the Declaration of Independence. The centennial of this event will be celebrated in New York on the 30th of the present month. On the outside border of this picture are engraved excellent portraits of twenty-eight Presidents of the United States.

This picture sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

STRUGGLE FOR LITERARY HONORS.

Success Requires the Most Determined and Persistent Labor.

Heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

No new thought is presented when I put into words the idea that one of the greatest obstacles which stand in the way of woman's success in various fields of labor is their lack of comprehension of the absolute necessity of careful and thorough preparation for their work, but cannot be too often urged. It is impossible to jump at once into efficiency in any field, no matter how easy it may seem from a distance to get there. There are rare instances indeed where knowledge seems to come by inspiration; skill is obtained as if by magic; but if the veil which has produced the seeming is removed, it will almost always be found the hardest kind of work has been the only inspiration and magic which has brought about results.

MISS BOOTH'S EARLY STRUGGLE.

This matter has been brought to me very forcibly during the past week by an article in the *Woman's Journal* from the pen of Dr. Marie E. Zakrzewska, an almost life-long friend of Mary L. Booth, the late editor of *Harper's Bazar*. In all of the biographical sketches of Miss Booth, very little has been said of the early struggles of this earnest and finally successful woman, from the simple fact that little was really known, or recalled if known, about them. High in the regard of her associates, in a most responsible and honored position, with a salary of $8,000 a year, to the world of people outside of a knowledge of her past, life appeared to have fallen for her in pleasant and easy places. No doubt, many a young girl who read of her present felt moved to take up the pen and write, not with the idea that she must do hard wearing work, to win even ordinary success, but that it was an easy, flowery pathway to ease and plenty. How different the reality was in Miss Booth's case, this friend tells other women.

VEST MAKING TO LIVE.

Having a taste for literary work, she left her home in Williamsburg, N. Y., and went to the great city when she was but eighteen, in order to be within reach of great newspaper and literary establishments and influences. A friend taught her vest-making and procured enough of that kind of work for her to pay for a room, and in this way she lived for several years, sewing in the day time and studying and writing in the evening, doing an amount of literary labor that was simply marvelous. Do not imagine, however, that she received pay for what she did in this direction. The money she had came from the more homely work of vest-making. She felt, however, that the writing which she did gratuitously for journals and newspapers, was "her college." She was "learning her business," and was far from imagining, as so many do, that because her efforts were published, they must needs at once possess pecuniary value.

Miss Whiting says of her in the Boston *Traveler*:

She intuitively realized that if a column of her writing appeared in a great journal, giving her an audience of thousands of people, it was an advantage to her, and was of more real aid than a deposit in the bank could have been. She felt the divinity within, that told her that this was to be her life, and that every fraction of training, discipline, hint and suggestion which she received was in the line of her advancement. She recognized that the first importance, the one thing needful above all else, was to learn to do her work well, and that having once learned this lesson the future was secure. Instinctively she applied the spirit of Emerson's words, "Put God and the universe in your debt." There are a multitude of young people in these days who are trying their wings—or their stilts, as may be—in journalistic literature, but for the most part their aspirations take the form,—not of infinite energy in achieving a permanent quality of work, but of vociferous clamor to know what it will pay? Now good work will invariably, in the end, bring good pay; but good pay will by no means invariably insure good work. That depends on something far less easy attainable than mere money. If the young worker were to choose between receiving more than his work is worth, or to have his work worth more than he received, the gain would certainly be in the latter case, for he would be putting "God and the universe" in his debt.

SMALL PAY FOR HARD WORK.

Even when she began to receive pay, and was compelled to devote twelve hours a day to her work in order to accomplish all that came to her hand to do, she did not earn enough to support herself, but was compelled to receive help from her father.

I have before told BLADE readers about her herculean labor in translating the French work, "The Uprising of a Great People," in so short a time as to astonish her publishers, and of her subsequent engagement by the Harpers to take charge of the *Bazar*. Her salary there at first was very moderate, and it was only for a few years that she enjoyed the larger pay which was her's when she laid down her work. Remember that she had passed the half-century mile stone of her life by several years before the reward of her hard labor came. Nor was it a thing which had fallen upon her hap-hazard. It was tireless effort and what seemed, until near the end, an exhaustless energy which had brought all that to pass. She carried the spirit of absolute thoroughness into everything she did. Nothing was undertaken in all her life, whether with or without pay, that she did not put into it just so much conscientious endeavor.

Remember, too, that she was constantly studying. She was never satisfied with the knowledge she had gained, never imagined that there was no need for further self-training, because she had attained a measure of success. And had she lived and labored another quarter of a century, her course would, no doubt, have been the same.

SUCCESS MEANS LABOR.

What I want to impress upon the young women of to-day, who are looking around for something to do, is this—and I have often and often written of it before, both in these columns and in private letters, to those who seek for advice—that there is, there can be, no matter how it may seem to superficial observation, no royal road to success in literary work, any more than in any other business or profession. You may be sure that the ideas which seem new to you, are as old as the hills. It is only by putting them in fresh combinations and clothing them in attractive colors that you can hope to win recognition. You must possess the power of dazzling the imagination, adding to information, or speaking to the heart in a way to quicken the impulses to higher living, or you will fail utterly. You may possess inherent gifts for both the first and last, but they will soon wear out unless you keep them bright by constant study and use.

Miss Booth's story is not different, in this respect, from that of the other noble women who are serving humanity. It is true that the path is always made easier when the training begins in youth—when parental care makes the firm foundation for a future prosperity. Yet the same constant, individual effort is required, and, except in rare instances, the same patient waiting for returns.

WORTH THE EFFORT.

Yet these returns, weary though the waiting may be are well worth the effort and labor required. Not in their money value, for often and often that is the least in the highest success, but in the satisfaction of knowing that you have helped others; that the world it better for your living, and that the pure gold of your own character has not been allowed to be rusted over by selfishness and careless disregard of the possibilities the Infinite has placed in your pathway.

Possibilities! I wonder if, as you read that word, you half comprehend the length and breadth of its meaning. It tells, if understood, a wonderful story of what lies within the grasp of every man and every woman born into the world; of how much they may compass by earnest effort guided and directed by faith in the over-ruling power of Good; of what may be done by a persistent refusal to yield to discouragement at any or all kinds; and by closing the door of thought, even, against misfortune and failure—these things supplemented by courageous, hopeful, untiring, intelligent labor, wherever or in whatever field your harvest has been made ready for you, will bring a breadth of accomplishment that will be a glory and a blessing for others and for yourself.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

PRETTY RUGS.—I have seen several very pretty woven rugs made as follows: Cut the rags bias, an inch in width, and gather through the center upon a strong thread. When one thread is full, tie on another. When woven the warp sinks in and the rug is thick and mossy, and alike upon both sides. One I saw was two yards long by one wide. The ends, for fifteen inches, were woven in gay colored stripes, while the center was a fine clouded bit or miss. If one has old pieces of carpets they can be cut into strips an inch wide, and raveled out on each side, leaving four threads in the center. These strips are sewed together into balls, and woven. They are very thick and rich looking. The strips, if folded, can be colored with diamond dyes.

OHIO MAY, did you ever try making daisy tidies out of muslin? Cut out circles by a teacup, turn in the edges, run with fine stitches and draw up, leaving a hole in the center the size of a ten cent piece; tuck in a piece of either Turkey red or orange calico for a center, and tack into place. Make enough of these to join together to make a tidy the required size. Have seen them made of red, with white centers. They work well. Some may tell you that this is not strictly necessary, to a good character. Be careful we are striking out for true nobility—and the very hardest thing we have to contend with, is opposition from the world. Christ has overcome the world, and has promised to stand by us, if we only believe and trust him. So we had better make sure of that friend at once.

"Aim high;" don't be content with being "just as good as other folks." Christ is the perfect pattern; study his life and endeavor to copy it.

"Always do your duty, without stopping to count the cost."

Perhaps others will not always see your duty as you see it, and you will be misunderstood and misrepresented. Never mind. God is the best judge of what work his children should do. Ask him for wisdom to understand your duty, and understanding it, let nothing prevent its performance. Be earnest and sincere, all, do not try to be somebody else. God has made you yourself, and you may do the world some great good by living your individual life as he intended. Never stoop to slander, that is a level to which no true lady will descend, and living above it, others detraction of you, if false, cannot harm you. Be lenient with the faults of others and ready to forgive, and by striving to lift others up, rise yourself.

Marion Harland says that "a truly noble nature despises nothing but sin."

Then let us always be ready to take the part of the weak and oppressed, and to help by a cheering word the unfortunate. Let us conquer ourselves and be strong.

Before I close, I would like to say to the HOUSEHOLD, that our little friend Lyndsey, some of whose quaint sayings appeared in THE BLADE a few weeks' ago, is still one of our most welcome visitors. He quite electrified us the other day with the information that he had been "digging for the kingdom" and he asked if "God wasn't getting awful old by this time." But I hear a patter of little feet over our porch and the sound of a merry voice calling, "Sadie, put away you witing and let's make soap bubbles.—S. S.

INQUIRIES.

I would like to know how to make up spiced pickles out of green muskmelon.—MRS. G. M. D.

What would make a pretty spread for dining-room table?—only used occasionally for dining-room?—MRS. E. F. HORTON, Remus, Mich.

Will some one please give directions for clay work, from beginning until finished, how to get the desired shape, what to make them out of, what kind of paint and brushes to use? How can I get a pattern off of paper on to woolen goods? How can I get make a muclinge that will not dry up. Something for every day use. I am saving clippings from THE BLADE for a scrap book.—SAVELAH.

Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD send a recipe for keeping eggs?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one please tell me a good way to take care of canary birds?—A READER.

Will some one tell me how I can clean my silk sofa pillow, which has become somewhat soiled?—CHARLIE'S WIFE.

Our correspondent gave no address for publication, and to put in her second inquiry would involve repetition for which we have no room.—ED.

A woman of thirty-eight years, unmarried, wants a home in a quiet Christian family. Country preferred.—Address Box 3, Conover, Winnebago county, Ill.

Have any of the HOUSEHOLD more flower roots than they want? If so, they will confer a favor by sending some to a homesteader in Washington Territory, who would willingly pay postage. I would like a tiger lily, flowering almond and perennial phlox, or anything to put in the yard. Address Mrs. Addie Brown, Sassin, Wash. Ter.

Will "Minda" send her address to Hattie Crandall, Box 200, Otego, Otego county, New York.

Have looked over the back numbers of my paper for the recipe for roup mentioned recently. Can't find it. Could you publish the recipe again?—Clara D. Molt, Enterprise, Wayne county, Ill.

Can some one send this recipe to our correspondent or to us for publication?—ED.

Will Old Maid Claimholder please send me a nice large pair of buffalo horns to make vases of? I want a pair of the horns very much, and there are none here now. I like her letter very much. Won't she please write to me? Will some of the sisters please send me a few flower seeds? I would like several nice oyster, clam, mussel or sea shells for my cabinet. Where can molds for making butter into the shape of acorns, strawberries and other fancy shapes be obtained? Has any one tried taking the skins of the striped ground squirrel and tanning them and making a rug of them? They are very nice. I can give a nice recipe for tanning them if any one wishes.—MRS. BEN J. TALBOTT, Stockton, Rooks county, Kas.

We have no room for sketches of a special part of the country. We are much obliged for the offer.—ED.

I earnestly ask the readers of THE BLADE to send me any reading matter they may have and do not want to keep. I will return postage; also ask correspondence of young ladies in Florida, Montana, Northern Michigan and Maine. MISS MINNIE HEERMAN, Westboro, Mo.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

In answer to "Young Housekeeper's" inquiry about fine shirt ironing, I would say that since I used powdered borax in the starch, I have had no trouble. Mix about a teaspoonful of starch and ½ a teaspoonful of the borax in a coffee cupful of cold water, for two shirts.—LULU, Whitewater, Wis.

Please tell Mrs. I. M. D. to try, next fall, my way of preparing grapes which proved successful. Pick perfectly ripe ones and spread in a cool place. Let lay two or three days or until the outer moisture has been absorbed. Then look over carefully removing all imperfect ones. Have shallow boxes or pans to pack in; lay several thicknesses of paper first, then a layer of grapes, each bunch by itself; cover the layer with two or three thicknesses of paper, put another layer of grapes as before, and more paper. Seal with paper pasted down tight. Do not put them more than two layers thick. Keep in a cool place. Do not let them freeze. When very cold remove to the dryest part of the cellar.—MATILDA H. FROST, Potter's Hollow, N. Y.

If the lady who wants a rug made of an old ingrain carpet, will take part of a coarse coffee sack for a foundation, and cut the carpet in strips across the widths, about five inches wide, ravel out 1½ inches on each side of strip, then double so the edges fringed are even, and sew on the foundation, beginning at the outside and working towards the center; let each strip overlap where the previous strip was sewed. She will have a nice rug.—"TEMPEST."

I see some one wants to know how to kill chiggers. Take some grease and make it awful salty and put it on the places, and it will kill them.

The reason buds fall off of a geranium is because it has little bugs or worms in the ground.—EGO.

Some one recently inquired how to prepare diamond dyes for painting. Dissolve the dyes in hot water, bottle and cork well. In the following list of colors, dissolve the amount of each color given in 1 pt. of hot water: For violet, one-fourth package of violet dye; for flesh color, ½ package each of orange and cardinal; for magenta, ½ package of magenta; for brown, ½ package of bismarck; for rose, ½ package of eosene; for cardinal, ½ package of cardinal; for dark wine, ½ package of dark wine; for blue, ½ package of blue for cotton; for scarlet, ½ package of scarlet for cotton; for orange, ½ package of orange for cotton; for yellow, ½ package of yellow; for black, 1 package of slate; for green, ½ package of green. This is a full list, but a beginner will need only violet, rose, yellow, blue, scarlet and brown, and can add the others as desired. These colors are very strong, and will require diluting before using, unless a very dark shade of color is desired. Use small dishes for taking out the color; dilute a drop of the dye and try it upon paper. Common water color brushes will do, or sable are good, if have them. If you wish to paint fabrics, you will require a tube or bottle of Chinese white. When painting upon fabrics, first paint in the whole design in the Chinese white. When dry work in the colors. These colors are good for photographing maps, outline work, &c.—J. M. HILL.

If anyone wishes oyster plant send to a seedsman for salisify or vegetable oyster.—MRS. J. C. YOUMANS, Well's Bridge, Ill.

To polish tinware, use the fine dust that gathers in the dust pan of the stove. Use it dry, and be sure the tinware is dry; use a dry cloth. This is something to save the sisters much hard labor and rough hands.—MELVENA.

FLOWER PARTIES.

A very popular form of entertainment for the past winter—and it can be made prettier in the spring and summer—is the flower party. Of course the guessing comes in, for it has grown to be a fashion that must be obeyed to have a striving to come out ahead and prizes for the victors.

Use as many different kinds of flowers for decorations as possible supposing the party is given when they are blossoming in profusion. Have them arranged in various ways, banked upon the mantels or upon stands, or gathered in bunches in vases. Have some one presiding at each place with a list of the guests alphabetically arranged, and as the latter come up, let each one make a guess as to the number of flowers or blossoms in each collection. These are to be recorded, and when each guest has made the rounds, the one whose sum total comes nearest to the sum total of the flowers will win the first prize, the next the second. Of course the one who is the greatest distance from the truth will be entitled to the doubtful honor of the booby prize. This will involve some work in adding, but it can be quickly done by the presiding genii of the flowers.

Another form of flower entertainment, which is very popular, is the writing upon small cards the names of flowers with the letters put in hap-hazard. The guest is to study these in order to discover what one is meant, and then she reports it to the register who punches it upon the card with which each guest is provided. At the end of the hour or two set apart for the purpose, these punches are counted and read aloud to ascertain who are the lucky ones.

In the first form of entertainment the hostess must see that the flowers are so arranged that they can not be counted by a glance of the eye.

When the evening is over a simple luncheon of sandwiches and coffee, followed by ices and cake, may be served. If liked, it may be made more elaborate, or a supper would not be out of order.

RECIPES.

LAYER CAKE.—I have a nice, cheap cake (layer). For cake, 1 egg, 1 cupful sugar, 1 cupful milk, butter size of egg, and 2 cupfuls flour, with 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Filling—Mix a little flour with some cold water; beat this into a cup of sugar and an egg; stir this into nearly a pint of milk, heating in a basin on the stove; stir till thick, and spread when cool.

I have a begonia rubra which has bloomed all winter, ever since I had it a small slip. I potted it, and gave it the same care and water as the other plants.—LULU, Whitewater, Wis.

FLOATING ISLAND.—One quart of rich milk; 5 eggs; 1 tablespoonful of flour; sugar and flavoring to suit the taste, either lemon or vanilla. Separate the yolks from the whites of eggs, beat the yolks well, add the flour and mix with the milk. Let come almost to a boil, take off the fire, sweeten and add flavoring. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth; cook them by pouring boiling water over them; put the custard in a deep glass dish, and pile the whites of eggs on the top. Let it get cold and serve in glass dishes, with cake. Bright specks of jelly scattered over the top of the white add to the appearance.

Many use eight eggs instead of five, but this way is perferable, as the custard does not have a raw taste.—IRENE.

CUSTARD PUDDING.—One-half gallon of sweet milk; 7 eggs; sugar to suit the taste, with lemon or vanilla flavoring. Bake in a tin pudding pan ¾ of an hour, in a moderate oven. When it is cold it should be as thick as jelly. This makes a large pudding.—IRENE.

COOKIES WITHOUT EGGS.—One cupful white sugar; 1 cupful nice sour cream; ½ teaspoonful soda. Roll thin, sprinkle with sugar, roll lightly, cut out and bake in a quick oven. This recipe I always use, if eggs are ever so plenty.—MRS. A. B.

UNLEAVENED BREAD.—Some weeks or months ago one of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD asked for directions to make the unleavened or passover bread. As I have not seen a recipe yet given in THE HOUSEHOLD I send one I got from a Cincinnati baker who baked all the unleavened bread for that city and Hamilton county 50 years ago. Good if rightly managed:

Take a quart of fine flour, put in enough cold water to make a stiff dough; add nothing else, not even salt; work in all the flour you can, then roll very thin as for pie crust, pick over a square cracker, pick very full of fork holes. It makes hard but very sweet bread, and keeps for months.—MRS. M. J. L.

GRUEL FOR INVALIDS.—2 cooked spoonfuls of the rolled oats soaked 30 or 40 minutes in cold water, then pour over it some boiling water, a quart or less; let it stand a few minutes, then strain through a small fine wire sieve into a bowl; add a little salt or sugar to taste, and it is ready for use.—MRS. M. J. L.

CREAMED POTATOES.—Put into a sauce pan 1 cupful of cream or rich milk; 3 tablespoonfuls of butter; 2 teaspoonfuls of flour. Stir until it boils. Chop cold boiled potatoes and put into the mixture. Boil up once before serving.

TO SETTLE COFFEE.—Please let me whisper a few words to the lady who says she settles her coffee with eggshells. The lining is useless, and three pints of water. Then pour in ½ boiling water; let boil a few minutes, set off and add the other ½ boiling weter. Keep hot, but not boiling. It will need no straining unless the coffee is burned in browning. When eggs are plentiful one can save the linings. Rub them, two or three together, lay up and let dry. Keep them dry, but not in a tight place, and so have them plentiful when eggs are scarce.—MRS. JOHN L. EVANS.

Murder Will Out.

Ministerial Friend (on a visit)—I wonder what makes your mamma so happy to-day? She is singing around all over the house.

Little Nell—I doss she's thought of somfin' to scold papa about when he comes home.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

TAMORA, NEB.

Gertie Brown,	Edith Milford,
Mary Milford,	Clara Allen,
Gertie Love,	Ellie Townsend,
Eva Lott,	Addie Lott,
Clyde Piper,	Lillie Valentine,
Fannie Williams,	Sadie Dingman,
Frank Raby,	Josie Dingman,
Orpha Sackett,	Eva Emerson,
Bertha Milford,	Hollis Bissett,
Cora Allen,	Wilber Piper,
Carl Williams,	Verne Love,
Ray Love,	Alfred Bissett,
Charlie Townsend,	Louis Allen,
Joseph Lamdin,	Ward Sackett,
Berdia Sackett,	Lizzie Olson,
Rosa Moulton,	Bartie Olson,
Roy Emerson,	Carrie Olson,
Charlie Miner,	Daisy Anderson,
W. S. Anderson,	Bernice Castle,
Roland Brown,	Harlie Castle,
	Frank Lamdin.

GILMORE, ILL.

Belle L. Bailey,	Freddie Davis,
Joseph A. Ware,	Frank Berner,
Odella Todd,	Rowe Robinson,
Agnes Beyer,	John O'Harra,
Charlie Robinson,	Charles Humphrey.
Fannie Wilson,	Della Wilkinson,
Frank DeLong,	Clara Lochake,
Grace Parker,	Ella Burrill,
Nancy Lizer,	Carrie Stubbert,
Mary Beery,	Viola Robinett.

CHASE, RICE CO., KAN.

Mattie M. Campbell,	Nute K. Campbell,
Cora S. Campbell,	Frankie B. Campbell,
Ancil Clark Campbell,	Lucius H. Campbell,
	Dadie R. Campbell.

HAWARDEN, IOWA.

Josie Coulter,	Clara Hackett,
Grace Mullen,	Blanche Hackett,
Grace Rix,	Maurice Malcom,
Ruth Miller,	May Fowler,
Kate Thomas,	Henry Barton,
Susie Jackson,	Willie Hackett,
Georgia Phelphs,	Hannah M. Sogn,
Julia Waite,	Myrtle C. Ashley,
Fannie Hall,	Minnie Weldon,
Harley Molyneaux,	Lina Morris,
Wayne Balcom,	Lulu McClure,
Edith M. Morris,	Frank Bemenger,
Musa Ross,	Roscoe Weldon,
Jennie Molyneaux,	Roy Miller,
Louie Hall,	Stewart Hall,
Orpha Morris,	Fred Brunskill,
Clarence Moody,	Harris Burdick,
	Joe Ashley.

TOUCHET, WASH. TER.

Earl A. Williams,	Aimee E. Williams,
Jessie A. Williams,	Libbie Hupp.

SABINA, O.

Frank F. Hill,	William Thompson,
Orange S. Hill,	Della Flint,
Alva Campbell,	Bessie Thorne,
James M. Adams,	Gertie Thompson,
Charles Crawford,	Lena Dowden,
Charlie Shoop,	Josie Beard,
Lang Johnson,	Myrtie Pike,
Charlie Ankrom,	Elcy Moon,
Earl Morton,	Mary Lewis,
Frank Sammons,	Jennie Culbertson,
Frank Barnes,	Rosa Thompson,
	Howard Curtis.

Names this week, 130. Total 26,432.

The above embraces all names received up to April 18.

THE SONG OF APRIL.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

Once I was a maiden merry;
Naught knew I of tears or sorrow.
Oh, my heart was happy—very!
Smiles I needed not to borrow.

But there came a sad, sad morning
When May stole my sweetest flowers—
Ends I meant for the adorning
Of this gray old earth of ours.

Fair, fragile blossoms! How I miss them—
Fragile darlings of delight!
Weep I that I cannot kiss them,
Children passed beyond my sight.

Cruel May, who thus bereft me,
But, ha! ha! why do I moan?
Here are still sweet nurslings left me,
Blue-eyed violets all my own.

—*Harper's Young People.*

For the Young Folks.

A DAY IN THE FRUIT SEASON.

"IT has come at last," said Sarah, with a sigh of relief as she lifted the lid of the old-fashioned churn and patted the golden butter with the dasher."

"Now rinse off the dasher with a little cold water and take it out in the bowl," said the mother. The brown wooden bowl and ladle had been scalded and were cooling in water fresh from the well.

Sarah lifted the yellow mass into the bowl, sprinkled a handful of salt on it, which she stirred in very gently, and then set it away in the cool cellar. Her mother had always taught her that working butter when it was first churned broke the grain, and then it would not keep. She always put it away until the next morning. By that time the salt had collected the water and milk, which was easily worked out; then the butter was made up in nice rolls or packed away in jars.

Sarah emptied the buttermilk and washed all the dishes she had used, then came back into the kitchen where her mother sat watching her.

"You will get a good day's rest to-day, Sarah. It is only ten o'clock, and surely no one will come to-day," said Mrs. Clark.

Hardly had she ceased speaking when there was a sound of wheels and a "whoa, Billy." "Who can it be?" they both exclaimed. Sarah leaned forward to look through the window, then quickly drew back with such a forlorn expression on her childish face and said, "O mother, it's the Fairchilds!"

Mr. Fairchilds was a cousin of Mr. Clark, and never forgot the relationship when it was advantageous to him to remember it. He had come, bringing his wife and two children, to pick currants and gooseberries, which were now ripe.

Mr. Clark had on his small farm a large patch of these small fruits. The prices were so low and it took so much work and time to pick them, that in selling them there was no profit. All he could do was to give them to such as would come and pick for themselves. So friends and relatives, far and near, had availed themselves of this privilege, and they all seemed to think it their duty to visit all day when they came. They did not want to show any disrespect to anyone who was so kind as to send such gifts, but it almost a slight to pick the fruit themselves.

For three weeks not a day had passed that had not brought one or two loads on them in this way.

The gracious mammas talked Mrs. Clark nearly crazy. She was just recovering from a long and very severe illness, and was now just able to walk about the house; but not able to do any work. The men visited Mr. Clark so assiduously that he was compelled to rest two-thirds of every day. While poor Sarah, a slender, delicate girl of thirteen years, cooked and washed dishes almost from morning till night. The few hours she had to herself she must spend in picking fruit from the table. It was very little that she had time to put up for the winter.

"How do you do, Cousin Mary? You are looking so much better. We wanted to come and get some of the fruit you say is spoiling on the bushes, and we started out early so we could have a long visit." Thus Mrs. Fairchilds rattled on, never stopping for an answer to her question.

Mrs. Clark was glad she took the flush on her cheek for health instead of surmising the real reason of it, the sting her conscience gave her for her inhospitable thoughts. There is a limit to all good natured endurance, and she felt that the limit had been reached and that their good nature had been imposed upon.

Mrs. Fairchilds, having settled herself in a comfortable chair in the large square sitting-room, kept up her colloquy in the following manner:

"It is such a nice think that you have a daughter. Girls are so much more help than boys. Now, my boys are just wild when they see nice fruit."

That was just what Sarah thought when a few minutes later she started out to pick raspberries to make a shortcake for dinner. They were thrashing and chasing through the bushes, breaking the tender branches and tramping the bright red currants into the ground. Soon there was a sound as of a stampede in the pasture. There were those boys, astride the fence throwing clubs and stones at the horses and cattle. The dumb creatures, being used to nothing but kind treatment, were in consternation. The horses gave a suort of fear and galloped to the farther side of the enclosure; the cows bellowed and followed after them in their clumsy manner.

Their fun in that direction being stopped, they turned the ir attention to the chickens. They chased them wild and nearly set poor biddy into hysterics at the loss of her little flock, which were driven in every direction and crying for help with their shrill little voices.

Mrs. Fairchild gave Mrs. Clark all the news of the neighborhood in a condensed form while Sarah was preparing the dinner. And for a girl of her age it was quite a task to prepare dinner for company with no older person around to advise. After dinner the visitors enlarged on each topic separately. Suddenly she arose and walked briskly to the kitchen door, and as if the thought had just came to her she exclaimed, "If that child hasn't got those dishes washed! Why didn't you let me help you?" This last remark was addressed to Sarah.

"It's all done now, thank you," answered the tired girl as she hung up the towel and dish pan.

"Yes, as I said before, how nice it is to have a daughter. She does everything up as quick as a woman, and it is better for her than too much play and reading," remarked Mrs. Fairchild, as she resumed her chair with an air of satisfaction.

"She is a good girl," answered Mrs. Clark, mentally adding, "if things continue in this way she is not likely to get any too much play."

"How d'ye do, Charlie? Did you come to pick berries, too?" Mrs. Clark's heart stopped beating then to bound off a double-quick time as she heard these words spoken by Mrs. Fairchild. She looked out and sure enough there was Mrs. Clark's brother Charley, with his wife, his little boy and his wife's sister. In they came, and such a baby everybody talked at the same time. Poor Mrs. Clark's head throbbed and her face became still more flushed. The excitement affected her nerves and gave her that flushed appearance which some can not distinguish from the glow of health. Again she heard that remark, "How well you are looking!" from Mrs. Charley. No reply was needed, as the two visitors took up all the time in their wild expostulations of joy at having come on the same day.

At first sight of the new arrivals Sarah snatched her sun bonnet and tin pail and ran to the raspberry patch. The hot tears would come to her eyes, and when safely behind the screen of bushes she threw herself on the grass and cried until the long pent emotion was spent. "I like company," she sobbed, "but I don't want to be companied to death."

She picked away all the hot afternoon to get berries for supper; and when she came in, tired and warm, there was no time to rest. She must get supper at once. Eight extra plates were set. It sounded like a small army to her. But when the white cloth was spread and the table neatly set, it did not lack for any of the good things that always appeared on farmer Clark's table. There was chicken fried to a delicate brown, biscuit as light as balls of down and a golden sponge cake. Sarah was too tired to eat, and Mrs. Clark's heart was full of sympathy for her and sorry that she could not help carry the heavy load.

There was one grain of comfort for the child. They all praised her cooking. But she said to herself, "Anyone could do it if they tried."

"Leave the dishes awhile, dear," whispered Mrs Clark, as they left the table.

The visitors soon prepared to leave, and after many good-byes and many assurances of a return soon, they were off.

Sarah turned to the table loaded with dishes to be washed. Her head and back ached badly, but with the thought that this would be the last for to-day she went to work with a will. Mrs. Clark sat by in her rocking chair and dried the dishes. Soon they were all put away and the kitchen in order again.

"Well, I didn't get much rest out of this day after all, did I, mother?" said Sarah, as she sat down when it was all over.

"No, dear; but surely we will not have many more like this. I think we had better close our house and go off on a trip another fruit season. We do not get to put up any for winter this way. It takes all you can pick to eat on the table," and Mrs. Clark stroked the curly brown head as she spoke.

So ended the day, which proved to be the last of the season of visiting. The following day was one of real rest. As another evening drew near Mr. Clark remarked, "Well, wife, I like to have company, but it does seem good to be alone once more. I think that is the last time I will ever offer to give my fruit away to any one who will pick it. It would be better to pick it and take it to them."

TOUCH-ME-NOT.

BY E. M. HARDINGE.

"Throw them away this instant," says nurse to her charge, who had just filled both little hands with the golden stars of St. John's wort; "they're poison."

The bright things cast away to wither in the dust are as harmless as are most of the blossoms accused and shunned for supposed noxious qualities. Some unbotanical and uneasy people, reversing the old Anglo-Saxon law, suppose everything guilty till it is proved innocent, and are afraid to pick any flower with an unfamiliar face.

Our native poisonous plants are really so few and so recognizable that we can all learn to know and shun them, and enjoy our rambles with tranquil minds.

Several of our common wild plants produce berries which are poisonous if eaten, or secrete juices which are poisonous if taken internally. Of native plants poisonous to touch, however, we have but two species—poison oak, called also poison ivy, and poison sumac.

Of these the first-mentioned is by far the more common, and hence the more mischievous. It is to be met with everywhere, in thickets, in meadows and along roadsides. The ivy clambers over rocks or clings to the trunks of trees, attaching itself to its support by a great number of little woody threads, which a botanist would call "aerial rootlets." These sometimes grow from the trunk and large branches in such numbers as almost to conceal the bark, and give the stem of the vine a mossy appearance. The main stem of a mature plant is as thick as a man's wrist, and throws out vigorous horizontal branches. The leaves grow in clusters of three, the middle leaf being raised on a stalk an inch or two above the point at which the two side leaves are joined to the plant and to each other. The young foliage is very glossy and of a purplish red color not unlike that of raw beef. The old leaves have a smooth shining surface, and are thin and of a light green color. The edges are sometimes irregularly cut in large jagged points, but are oftener what botanists call "entire," not finished with any sort of decoration. The leaves are oval, and each narrows to a slender point at top. When full grown they are often from four to six inches in length, and from three to five in breadth. The blossoms are greenish, and grow as grapes do, in long drooping clusters, which appear at the joints where the long leaf-stalks start from the branches. The ripe fruit is a light, waxy fragrance like that of white clover and are much visited by bees.

On the vine may generally be seen clusters of last year's fruits; these are stony, silvery in color, and a little larger than grains of barley. The blossom appears in latter May and early June.

The poison sumac (*Rhus venenata*) is more noxious than its clambering cousin, *Rhus toxicodendron*, but is fortunately far less common. It is a compact shrub from six to eighteen feet high, and grows in swampy ground, often rooted in a pool of water. The leaves are what botanists call compound; that is to say, many small leaves or leaflets are borne on one stalk. Rose, locust, clover, and ash leaves are compound. The leaf-stalks of the poison sumac are of a beautiful deep rose-purple color. Each bears nine leaves, one at the tip of the stalk and eight ranged down its sides in pairs. The flowers are very small, of a pale green color, and grow in slender, loose, branching clusters from eight to twelve inches long. The clusters spring from the point at which the richly colored leaf-stalks are joined to the branches. The flowers and leaves are borne in a great green mass at the end of the bunch. In general appearance this plant, with its compact manner of growth, shining foliage and bunches of tiny green flowers, is not unlike the familiar "London-smoke" of our gardens. The blossom appears in June, and the fruit is similar to that of poison-ivy.

The virulent properties of these ill-conditioned plants are most active when the sap is stirring and the leaves unfolding in spring. They are also especially to be shunned at blossoming time. Some persons can gather flowers and foliage with impunity; others are badly poisoned even by the breath of these plants brought to them on the breeze.

Let the summer rambler study to avoid the *Rhus* cousins, and any other native plant can be made to contribute to a bouquet gathered without fear and without unpleasant consequences.

An Imperative Necessity.

What pure air is to an unhealthy locality, what spring cleaning is to the neat housekeeper, so is Hood's Sarsaparilla to everybody, at this season. The body needs to be thoroughly renovated, the blood purified and vitalized, the germs of disease destroyed. Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other blood disorders are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the most popular and successful spring medicine.

The Sunday School

The Command to Watch.

LESSON V., SUNDAY, MAY 5, 1889.

Golden Text.—Take ye heed, watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is.—Mark 13:33.

LESSON TEXT.

(Mark 13:24-37.)

24. But in those days, after that tribulation, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light.

25. And the stars of heaven shall fall, and the powers that are in heaven shall be shaken.

26. And then shall they see the Son of man coming in the clouds with great power and glory.

27. And then shall he send his angels, and shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from the uttermost part of the earth to the uttermost part of heaven.

28. Now learn a parable of the fig tree: When her branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is near:

29. So ye in like manner, when ye shall see these things come to pass, know that it is nigh, even at the doors.

30. Verily I say unto you, that this generation shall not pass, till all these things be done.

31. Heaven and earth shall pass away: but my words shall not pass away.

32. But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father.

33. Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is.

34. For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch.

35. Watch ye therefore; for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrowing, or in the morning:

36. Lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping.

37. And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

After that tribulation, the sun shall be darkened (v. 24). We have no right to take it for granted that every season of trial shall be immediately followed by a season of rejoicing. A time of darkness may be only the precursor of yet greater darkness. Sorrow may come upon sorrow, and gloom upon gloom. Nor are we to suppose that this is because of God's purpose of chastening the children of his who feel the force of these saddening providences. It is all in his plan, from the beginning. The reason for it we shall know by and by. That it is well as it is, we may feel confident, while the reasons for it are hid from our sight. Let no one of us, therefore, wonder that after a period of special tribulation there comes to him a season of special darkness and gloom.

Then shall they see the Son of man coming in clouds with great power and glory (v. 26). During the times of tribulation and of darkness believers may be comforted in the conviction that their Lord is over all, and that after these times he shall be seen coming in clouds with great power and glory. This conviction can be a means of cheer even while the times of tribulation and of darkness are present; for, until these times have passed, the brightness of our Lord's reappearing cannot come. The very night itself is welcome to those who know that as soon as it has gone a loved friend is to make his appearance, to be with them always thenceforward.

Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my words shall not pass away (v. 31). There is nothing in this world so sure as one of God's promises. The man who rests on his Saviour's promise, that his daily support shall be added to him who seeks first the kingdom of God, has a surer competency than if he had a million of dollars to draw from in the strongest bank of the civilized world. This is a truth that is verified in the practical experience of Christians every day, all the world over. Faith is better than funds. No man need hesitate to quit a bad business, or to keep away from one, and to trust his Saviour to take care of him,

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE TALKS OF EASTER.

The Adornments of the Tomb—The Innumerable Hosts of the Dead—The Glories of the Resurrection of the Righteous—The Life Beyond the Tomb.

BROOKLYN, April 21.—A vast multitude attended the Easter services at the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning. The pews, the aisles and all the adjoining rooms were thronged and multitudes in the street could not gain an entrance. Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached on the subject "Aromatics for Easter." He took two texts, Luke xxiv, 1: "Bringing the spices which they had prepared." 1 Corinthians xv, 52: "The trumpet shall sound." He said:

Enchanting work have I before me this Easter morning, for, imitating those women of the text, who brought aromatics to the mausoleum of Christ, I am going to unroll frankincense and balm and ottar of roses and cardamon from the East Indies and odors from Arabia, and when we can inhale no more of the perfume, then we will talk of sweet sounds and hear from the music that shall wake the dead. Having on other Easters described the whole scene, I need only in four or five sentences say: Christ was lying flat on his back, lifeless, amidst sculptured rocks, rocks over him, rocks under him, and a door of rocks all bounded by the flowers and fountains of Joseph's country seat. Then a bright immortal, having descended from heaven, quick and flashing as a fallen meteor, picks up the door of rock and puts it aside as though it were a chair and sits on it. Then Christ unwraps himself from his mortuary apparel and takes the turban from his head and folds it up deliberately and lays it down in one place, and then puts the shroud in another place, and comes out and finds that the soldiers who had been on guard are lying around, pallid and in a dead swoon, their swords lent and useless. The illustrious prisoner of the tomb is discharged and five hundred people see him at once. An especial congress of ecclesiastics pay a bribe to the resuscitated soldiers to say that there was no resurrection, and that while they were overcome of slumber the Christians had played resurrectionists and stolen the corpse. The Mary's are at the tomb with aromatics.

Symbolism of the Flowers.

Why did not these women of the text bring thorns and nettles, for these would more thoroughly have expressed the piercing sorrows of themselves and their Lord? Why did they not bring some some national design such as that of the Roman eagle, typical of conquest? No, they bring aromatics suggestive to one of the facts that the Gospel is for resurrection and deodorize the world. The world has so much of putrefaction and malodor that Christ is going to roll over it waves of frankincense, and sprinkle it all over with sweet-smelling myrrh. Thousands of years before this Solomon had said that Christ was a lily, and Isaiah had declared that under the Gospel the desert would bloom as a rose, but the world was slow to take the floral hint. And so now for the text: Having hands full and arms full of redolence, and perhaps unwittingly confirm and emphasize the lesson of deodorization. When Christ's Gospel has conquered the earth, the last offense to the olfactories will have left the world; sweet, pure air will have blown through it every home, and churches will be freed from the curse of ill ventilation, and the world will become a great garden, and redeemed and unblighted and enfranchised paradised hemispheres. Sin is a buzzard; holiness is a dove. Sin is nightshade; holiness is a flower. If you are trying to reform the world, open the windows of that tenement house, and pour through it a draught of God's pure atmosphere and set a geranium or a heliotrope on the window sill; cleanse the air and you will help cleanse the soul. How dare the world so often insult that feature of the human face which God has made the most prominent feature in human physiognomy? To prove how he himself loves aromatics, I bring the fact that there are millions of flowers on prairies and in mountain fastnesses, the fragrance of which no human being ever breathes, and he must have grown them there for his own regalement. And for the compliment the world paid to the living man a sepulcher in Joseph's garden, he will yet make the whole earth a garden. Yes, he expressed his delight with fragrance in the first book of the Bible, when he said, "The Lord smelled a sweet savor," and he filled the air of the ancient tabernacle and temple with sweet incense; and there are small bottles of perfume in heaven described in Revelation as golden vials full of odors. I preach an unbiblical gospel which will yet extirpate from the world all foulness and rancidity and the last noisomeness and the last mephitic gas. Glad am I that though the world had chiefly spikes for the Saviour's feet and thorns for the Saviour's brow, the magi put frankincense upon his cradle, and the Marys brought frankincense for his grave.

Order Out of Discord.

Notice also that Christ's mausoleum was opened by concussion. It was a great earthquake that put its twisted key into the involved and labyrinthine lock of that tomb. Concussion! That is the power that opens all the tombs that are opened at all. Tomb of soul and tomb of nations. Concussion between England and the thirteen colonies, and forth comes free government in America. Concussion between France and Germany, and forth comes republicanism for France. Concussion among the rocks on Mount Sinai and on two of them was left a perfect law for all ages. Concussion among the rocks around Calvary, and the crucifixion was made the more overwhelming. Concussion between the United States and Mexico, and a vast area of country becomes ours. Concussion between England and France, and most of this country west of the Mississippi becomes the property of the American Union. Concussion between iceberg and iceberg, between bowlder and bowlder, and a thousand concussions put this world into shape for man's residence. Concussion between David and his enemies, and out came the psalms which otherwise would never have been written. Concussion between God's will and man's will, and ours overthrown, we are new creatures in Christ Jesus. Concussion of misfortune and trial for many of our good, and out comes their especial consecration. Do not, therefore, be frightened when you see the great upheavals, the great agitations, the great earthquakes, whether among the rocks or among the nations or in individual experience. Out of them God will bring best results and most magnificent consequences. Hear the crash all through the land of Europe and see the glorious reanimation of its dead inhabitants. Concussion! If ever a general European war, which the world has been expecting for the last twenty years, should come, a concussion so wide and a concussion so tremendous would not leave a throne in Europe standing as it now is. The nations of the earth are tired of having their kings born to rule them and they would after a while elect their kings, and their would be an Italian republic and a German republic and a Russian republic and an Austrian republic, and out of the cracks and crevices and chasms of that concussion would come resurrection for all Europe. Stagnation is deathful; concussion is Messianic.

Notice also what the angel did with the stone after he had rolled it away from the mouth of the Saviour's mausoleum. The book says he rolled away the stone from the door and sat upon it. All of us ministers have preached a sermon about the angel's rolling away the stone, but we did not remark upon the sublime fact that he sat upon it. Why? certainly not because he was tired. The angels are a fatigueless race, and that one could have shouldered every rock around that tomb and carried it away and not been besweated. He sat upon it, I think, to show you and to show me that we may make every earthly obstacle a throne of triumph. The young men who get their education easy seldom amount to much. Those who had to struggle for it come out atop. There is no end of the story of studying by pine knot lights and reading while the mules of the towpath were resting, and of going hungry and patched and barefoot and submitting to all kinds of privation to get scholastic advantages. But the day of graduation came, and they took the diplomas with a hand nervous from night study and pale from lack of food and put their academic degree in the pocket of a threadbare coat. Then starting for another career of hardship, they entered a profession or a business where they found plenty of disheartenment and no help. Yet saying: "I will succeed; God help me, for no one else will," they went on and up until the world was compelled to acknowledge and admire them.

Strength by Struggling.

The fact was that the obstacle between their discouraging start and their complete success was a rock of fifty tons, but by resolution, nerved and musculatized and re-enforced by Almighty God, they threw their arms around the obstacle and with the strength of a supernatural wrestler rolled back the stone, and, having become more than conquerors, they sat upon it. Men and women are good and great and useful just in proportion as they had to overcome obstacles. You can count upon the fingers of your one hand all the great singers, great orators, great poets, great patriots and great Christians who never had a struggle. That angel that made a throne of the bowlder at Christ's tomb went back to heaven and I warrant that, having been born in heaven and always had an easy time, he now speaks of that wrestle with the rock as the most interesting chapter in all his angelic lifetime. O, men and women with obstacles in the way, I tell you that those obstacles are only thrones that you may after awhile sit on. Is the obstacle in your way sickness? Conquer it by accomplishing more for God during your invalidism than many accomplish who have never known an ailment. Are you persecuted? By your uprightness and courage compel the world to acknowledge your moral heroism. Is it poverty? Conquer it by being happy in the companionship of your Lord and Master, who in all his life owned but sixty-two cents, and that he got from a fish's mouth and immediately paid it all out in taxes to the Roman assessor; and who would have been buried in a pauper's field had not Joseph of Arimathea contributed a place, for he who had not where to lay his head during his life had a borrowed pillow for the last slumber. There is no throne that you are sure to keep except that which you make out of vanquished obstacles. An ungrateful republic at the ballot box denied Horace Greeley the highest place at the national capital, but could not keep him from rising from the steps of a New York printing office, on which he sat one chilly morning waiting for the boss printer to come that he might get a job, until he mounted the highest throne of American journalism. He rolled back the stone and sat upon it. A poor orphan boy, picking up chips at Richmond, Va., accosted by a passing sea captain and invited to come on board his vessel, drops the chips and starts right away and is tossed from port to port, and homeless and friendless, wanders one day along Tremont street, Boston, and sees Park Street church open, and speaking of it afterward on a great occasion, and using sailors' vernacular, as was usual with him, he says: "I put in, I up helm, unfurled sail and made for the gallery and scud under the lee of the corner pew. Then I hove to and came to anchor."

A Nautical Sermon.

"The old man, Dr. Griffin, was just naming his text. Pretty soon he unfurled the mainsail, raised the topsail, ran up the pennants to free breeze, and I tell you the old Gospel ship never sailed more prosperously. The salt spray flew in every direction, but more especially did it run down my cheeks. Satan had to strike sail, his guns were dismounted or spiked, his various crafts by which he led sinners captive were all beached, and the captain of the Lord's hosts rode forth, conquering and to conquer." Before that sailor boy was poverty, but he conquered it; and orphanage, but he conquered it; and ignorance, but he conquered it; and the coil of the world, but he conquered it; and he rose till every sailors' bethel in the world blessed him and great anniversary platforms invited him, and Daniel Webster and Charles Dickens and Frederika Bremer and poets and orators and senators sat electrified at his feet, and his gospelized influence will go on until the last jack tar is converted and the sea shall give up its dead. All the obstacles of his life seemed gathered into one great bowlder, but Edward T. Taylor, the world renowned sailors' preacher, rolled back the stone and sat upon it.

Yet do not make the mistake that many do of sitting on it before it is rolled away. It is bound to go if you only tug away at it. If not before, then I think about 12 o'clock noon of resurrection day you will see something worth seeing. The general impression is that the resurrection will take place in the morning. The ascent to the skies will hardly occur immediately. It will take some hours to perform the processions skyward, and we will all want to take a look at this world before we leave it forever and see the surroundings of the couch where our bodies have long been sleeping. On that Easter morning the marble, whether it lay flat upon your grave or stood up in monument, will have to be jostled and shaken and jerked to the right and left, for resurrection, and while we all see our kindred to gather and the procession to form, your resurrected body may sit in holy triumph upon that chiseled stone which marked the place of your protracted slumber. On that day what a fragile thing will be Aberdeen granite and column of basalt and the mortar which will raise out of the ground the vaults and Taj, built for a queen in India, a sepulcher 275 feet high, and made of jasper and cornelian and turquois and lapis-lazuli and amethyst and onyx and sapphire and diamond, which shall that day rain into glittering dust on groves of banyan and bamboo and palm. And all under what power? Tondorous cowpaths shielded by giants? No. Thunderbolt cleaving asunder the granite? No. Battering ram swung against the walls of cemeteries? No. Dynamite drilled under the foundations of cenotaph and abbey? No. It will be done by music. Nothing but music, sweet but all penetrating music. The trumpet shall sound! You say that is figurative; how do you know? But, whether literal or figurative, it means music anyhow. The trumpet, that stirring, massive, mighty instrument, with a natural compass from G below the staff to E above, blown above Sinai when the law was given, blown around Jericho when the walls tumbled, blown when Gideon discomfited the Midianites, blown when the ancient Israelites were gathered for worship, to be blown for the raising of the dead in the last great Easter—the mother, who, when the child must be awakened, kisses its eyes awake, does well.

The Great Resurrection.

But the trumpet, which when the dead are to be aroused kisses the ear awake, does better. Be not surprised if the dead are to be awakened by music. Why, that is the way now we raise the dead. Take the statistics, if you can, of the millions of souls that have been raised from the death of sin by hymns, by psalms, by solos, by anthems, by flutes, by violins, by organs, by trumpets. Under God what hosts have been resurrected by Ira D. Sankey, by Thomas Hastings, by William B. Bradbury, by Lowell Mason, by the matterly lullabies, by church doxologies, by oratorios. If we raise the dead now by music, be not surprised that on the last day the dead are to be raised by music.

The trumpet shall sound! And that instrument shall have plenty of work to do on the day mentioned. It will have to sound through all the pyramids, which are only names for sepulchers, and liberate the mummied Kings. And through hypogean graves which were built in mounds and the hypogean graves which were dug in rocks, and through the nine hundred winding miles of catacombs under and around the Roman Campagna, where ever seven million human beings sleep. And through all the crystal sarcophagi of Atlantic and Pacific and Mediterranean and Caspian and Black sea deeps. And over all the battle fields of continents, until all the fallen troops of English and French and Italian and German and Russian and Persian and American at the world's battlefields answer the call. Marathon, come up! Agincourt, come up! Bleahelm, come up! Acre, come up! Hohenlinden, come up! Austerlitz, come up! Gettysburg, come up! Near Sharpsburg, during our civil war, when I was with some others, under the auspices of the Christian commission, looking after the wounded Federal and Confederate, one moonlight night I was where I could look down upon the tents of the sleeping army. Oh, what an imposing spectacle! But my subject calls me to look upon what might be the host of soldiers slumbering their last sleep in the bivouac of the dust; the seven hundred and fifty thousand slain in the Crimean war; the eight hundred thousand slain in our American war, the fifteen million slain in the wars of Sesostris, the twenty-five million slain in Jewish wars, the thirty-two million slain in wars of Ghengis Khan, the eighty million slain in the wars of the Crusaders, the one hundred and eighty million slain in the Roman wars. Aye, according to Dr. Dick, the dead in war, if each one occupied four feet of ground, would make enough graves to reach four hundred and forty-two times around the earth.

The Innumerable Dead.

The most of people are dead. The world is a house of two rooms—a basement and a room above ground. The basement has two to one, three to one, four to one more occupants than the superstructure. Sickness and war and death have been stacking their harvests for near six thousand years. Where are those who saw the Pilgrim Fathers embark, or the Declaration of Independence signed, or Franklin lasso the lightning, or Warren Hastings tried, or Queen Elizabeth in her triumphal march to Kenilworth, or William, prince of Orange, land; or Gustavus Adolphus crowned, or Jerome of Prague burned at the stake, or Tamerlane found his empire? Gone! Gone!

But the trumpet shall sound. Music to raise the dead. Oh, how much the world needs it! You take a torch and I will take a torch and we will go through some of the aisles of the Roman catacombs and see the expectant epitaphs on the walls and right over where the departed sleep. Now, that these catacombs are forty or sixty feet underground, and if one loses the guide or his torch is extinguished, he never finds the way out. So let us stay close together, and with our torches, as we wander along a small part of these nine hundred miles of underground passages, see the inscriptions as they were really chiseled there on both sides the way. On your side you read by the light of your torch: "Here rests a handmaid of God who out of all her riches now possesses but this one house. Thou wilt remain in eternal respose of happiness, A. D. 380." On my side I read by the light of the torch: "Aurelia, our sweetest daughter, she lived fifteen years and four months, A. D. 325." On your side you read: "Here hath been laid a sweet spirit, guileless, whose body beautiful, rested in peace. A. D. 388." On my side I read: "You well deserving one, lie in peace. You will rise. A temporary rest is granted you. Piancus, her husband made this." On your side you read: "Nicesphorus, a sweet soul, in the place of refreshment." On my side I read: "In Christ, Alexander is not dead, but lives beyond the stars, and his body rests in this tomb." On your side you read: "Here, happy, you find rest bowed down with years." "Irene sleeps in God." "Valeria sleeps in peace." "Arethusa sleeps in God." "Navira in peace, a sweet soul who lived sixteen years, a soul sweet as honey; this epitaph was made by her parents."

The Glorious Awakening.

But let us come out from these catacombs and extinguish our torches, for upon all these longings and expectations of all nations the morning of resurrection dawns. The trumpet shall sound! And the sooner it sounds the better for me. Oh, how we would like to see our loved ones back again! If we are ready to meet our Lord, our sins all pardoned, what a good thing if this moment we could hear the resounding and reverberating blast! Would you not like to see your father again, your mother again, your daughter again, your boy again, and all your departed kindred again? Roll on, sweet day of resurrection and reunion! Under the hoofs of the white steeds that draw thy chariot we strew Easter flowers. Would it not be grand if we could all rise together? You know that the Bible says we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. What if we should be among the favored ones who shall not taste of death, and that while in the full life of our body we should hear that trumpet sound and these mortal bodies take on immortality. Oh, how I would hasten to two places before the close of such a day, peaceful Greenwood and the village cemetery back of Somerville! And I would cry aloud: "The hour has come, the trumpet has sounded, the resurrection is here. Father and mother, you were the best of all the group, now lead the way!" The earth sinks out of sight. Clouds under foot. Other worlds mere milestones on the King's highway. We rise! We rise! We rise! to be forever with the Lord and forever with each other.

WARRANTED.

The only medicines sold by druggists, under a **positive guarantee** from their manufacturers, that they will do just what is claimed for them—that is, benefit or cure in all cases of diseases for which they are recommended, or the money paid for them will be promptly refunded—are Dr. Pierce's world-famed specifics, manufactured by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all diseases arising from a torpid or deranged liver, or from impure blood, as Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, and Scrofulous Sores and Swellings. Consumption, or Lung-scrofula, is also cured by this wonderful remedy, if taken in time.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the world-famed remedy for all those chronic weaknesses and distressing derangements so common to American women. It is a most potent, invigorating, restorative tonic, or strength giver, imparting tone and vigor to the whole system. As a soothing nervine it is unequaled. See guarantee printed on the bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors.

CATARRH IN THE HEAD, no matter of how long standing, is permanently cured by DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY. 50 cents, by druggists.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Commissioner to Alaska.

G. W. H., Litchfield, Minn.: We believe there is no such office as commissioner to Alaska. There is an appointive place of special agent of seal fisheries. He gets a commission on seals, etc., which a Congressman says is worth from $20,000 to $30,000 a year. It is a "fat plum." There is also the office of governor, which is an appointive one.

Hop Vines that Bloom and Do Not Produce Hops.

H. R. H., Spruce Grove, Pennsylvania: As the hop is a staminate, or male, and pistillate, or female plant, if the vines are unprotective, some of the various hills should be dug up, and others that will bear well set in their places. Every ninth hill should be set with a staminate, or male stalk, which will fertilize the others, and make them productive. The soil should be a deep, loamy one, in a sheltered position, on dry bottom, but not so much drained as to prevent a free circulation of air. Hops will not grow luxuriantly where there is an excess of water in the soil. It is very liable to disease. When young, it is devoured by fleas of different kinds. At a more advanced age it is attacked by the green fly, red spider, and ottermoth, the larvæ of which prey even upon the roots. Examine your vines carefully, if you have the necessary number of male among the female plants, and see if they are not attacked by insects at the roots or elsewhere. The crop is considered somewhat precarious, and while not a certain matter at best, is not profitable at all if not properly cultivated. When once in bearing, in soil suitable for vigorous growth, it will bear from ten to fifteen years.

Cough in Horse.

J. U., La Place, Illinois: For the cough in your horse, left after having distemper, give Fowler's solution of arsenic, 1 oz.; chlorate of potash, 1 oz.; extract of belladona, 1 drachm. Make into a draught with water or gruel. After this, stir a full teaspoonful of powdered licorice and a tablespoonful of pine tar in his drinking water, once a day for a week. Do not water the animal while warm, after a drive or work. It may be that the bronchial tubes are weakened. If this be the case, the only way after giving the above will be to put a little tar and licorice in his drinking water once in a while—say once a week.

Colic in Calf—Mare Lame, Sometimes in One Leg, then in the Other.

J. W. K., Gillett, Mo.: Your calf that had not full use of its head on the day it was born, may by this time have sufficient strength in its neck, if the brain was not affected. If it was suffering from brain injury, it will very likely die. To treat the fits you speak of, give first about three ounces of castor oil, in which there is well stirred a teaspoonful of powdered ginger If the pains do not cease, give a drachm of essence of ginger, with two drachms of laudanum, in gruel. Repeat every two hours until the symptoms are overcome. Keep the calf in a warm stall.

Your mare is suffering from rheumatism. She should be given the following, given at one dose twice a day for three days: Powdered colchicum, 1 drachm; nitrate of potash, ½ oz; oil of turpentine, ½ oz. Mix this with a little more than half a pint of linseed oil. Keep the mare in a warm stall, free from draughts of air, and drive her only when the weather is warm and fine for a week or two. Give her bran mashes to keep the bowels working properly.

Itch in Mane and Tail of Mare Spreading All Over Her.

L. T. S., Florence, Dak.: For the itch that is troubling your horse soak him well with soft soap and hot water. Let this remain on for half an hour. Then scrub him off thoroughly and dry him. Then take of powdered stavesacre seeds, 5 ozs.; oil of organum, 1¼ pints; fresh lard, 11 ozs. Melt the lard and stavesacre over a half cold fire, stirring constantly for two hours. Pour this in a pan and add the organum when cold. Rub the above in well every night, and in the morning wash off with washing soda and warm water.

Breaking Out of Small Lumps on Colt's Leg.

A. B. H., West Union, Nebraska: We can not say precisely what is troubling your colt, as you do not give the precise locality. However, we advise you to first wash the part well with soap and warm water; then wash with warm water 12 parts, carbolic acid one part. After this mix the following and apply twice a day after cleaning with warm soap and water: Acetate of lead, 1 oz.; sulphate of zinc, ½ oz.; water, 1 pint. Give the colt 2½ drachms of aloes, and put ½ oz. saltpetre in the drinking water once a day for a week. If there is nothing seriously wrong, the above will bring the colt out in good shape.

Those Rewards.

Mr. E. Reynolds, of Metomen, Wisconsin, who gave free Russian sunflower seeds to subscribers to THE BLADE, and who offered to give choice blackberry roots to those who raised the largest sunflowers, is ready to deliver the roots, which he cannot now do on account of having mislaid the names of the persons entitled to them.

Soft Lump on Each Side of Hind Leg.

L. S. F., Holly, Colorado: The fact that your horse had curb, and that he exhibits lameness when first starting, shows that one of the ligaments of the foot (the calcano cuboid ligament) is not sound. Bathe the leg well with warm water for at least 12 hours. After this take of biniodide of mercury, 1 dr; lard, 1 oz. Cut the hair from the lumps and rub every evening a bit of the above on each puff, about the size of a hulled hickory nut. Wash off in the morning with warm soapsuds and apply a little more of the ointment. Keep applying for a week. Then heal the sores with vaseline. If the lumps do not disappear, re-apply for another week. Shoe the horse with a high-heeled shoe. He should have rest. Examine the foot and see if there is any contraction.

Sow Supposed to Have Kidney Worms.

W. R., Saline county, Illinois: For your sow that cannot use her hind parts take of flour of sulphur 3 ozs., nitrate of potash 2 drs., charcoal 2 tablespoonfuls. Mix well together and divide into six parts. Give one part twice a day in a bran mash. Pour a tablespoonful of turpentine on the small of the back once a day for four days. Feed moderately only of corn. Give bran, potatoes, etc., for about two weeks. If the animal is fat the less corn given the better for a while. Keep her away from rain or damp quarters. Keep the pen clean as possible with plenty of straw to rest upon.

Cow Said to be Troubled in Head.

B. P., Knight, Oregon: Your cow that had difficult passages from the bowels and trouble in urinating was suffering from indigestion. The matter that came from her nostrils indicated catarrhal affection. There was no more use in boring her horns than for you to have bored a hole in a board fence, hoping in this way to cure her. The advice given you was as bad as it could possibly be. That which you now should do is to give her half a pound of salts, a cup of molasses and a full teaspoonful of ginger in nearly a quart of warm water, stirring well before it is administered. After this operates, take of sulphate of iron, 12 drachms; powdered nux vomica, 6 drachms; powdered gentian, 6 ozs. Mix and make into 6 powders, giving one powder a day in dry feed, or as a drench. Omit for a week and repeat. Give freely of bran mashes while the medicine is being taken, if the bowels show anything like costiveness. Rub her throat and breast with strong mustard water. If she does not urinate properly give her in drinking water ½ oz. saltpeter twice a day for four or five days.

How to Treat a Mare With Colt—Period of Gestation.

W. D. E. M., Brookville, Pennsylvania: A mare that is with colt needs but little more than to feed her well, and give her a wide stall well bedded to rest in. If she becomes constipated give freely of bran mashes until her bowels become regulated. If swelling exhibits itself give ½ oz. of saltpetre once a day for three or four days in her drinking water. It is better to give her gentle exercise up to near the time of colting than to let her stand idle. A horse colt is not carried any longer than a mare one. The period of gestation in the mare is eleven months. Within a period of two weeks before having her colt it is well to keep her in the stable, in a wide stall, where she cannot hurt herself. Give exercise in the open air every day. As she has the heaves take of Fowler's solution of arsenic, 4 ozs.; extract of belladona, 4 drachms; tincture of ginger, 4 drachms. Make this into 8 doses, and give a dose every other day. Dampen all the oats or hay you feed her.

Will Very Likely Come Out All Right.

O., Illinois: Your mare that aborted, but is now 8½ months in gestation, needs careful treatment. Do not put her in the same stall she occupied when she had the abortion. Do not let her see blood or dying animals. Do not feed other animals in her presence food that she likes herself without giving her some. See that there is no accumulation in her stall, or near it, of urine. Give her plenty of fresh air. This may be done by driving her very gently in a buggy to within a month of the time of having her colt. After that lead her about every morning for an hour or so. Give her a wide stall; much wider than the stall generally used, and bed it well. Do not use her to plow from now on. Make everything pleasant for her, and avoid everything that will give her fright. Keep her bowels regular with bran mashes, but give no physic. A sudden jar may also do great mischief.

Horse Lame in Neck—Pimples on Shoulder and Neck of Colt.

D. V. Scotia, Pennsylvania: For the lameness in your horse's neck, take of powdered mustard 1½ ozs.; linseed meal in poultice, a sufficiency; sprinkle the mustard over the poultice, and apply. After this, sponge the neck twice a day with warm vinegar, and wrap the neck with flannel. Give internally as a ball once a day for three days, calomel, 15 grains; quinine, 15 grains. To get rid of pimples on colt, give a pint of raw linseed oil, and afterward rub the part with calomel, 1 drachm; fresh lime water, 20 ozs. This must be shaken well together, and sponged over the part affected.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Hydraulic Ram.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In answer to the inquiry of E. L. Yoder, of Kansas, respecting hydraulic rams, would say: I have one which has been in operation for over eight years, and think it is the best and cheapest way known to raise water to an elevation not exceeding 200 feet, where a fall can be had. Of course, the higher and longer the distance to be conveyed, the greater the fall or power required. He should have at least four feet. Mine works night and day the entire year, and conveys water to five yards, more than enough for 500 head of stock.—F. G. MOORE, Dixon, Iowa.

Castor Beans.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Now that the latter question has been disposed of, I would like some information in regard to harvesting and curing castor beans. First, if beans are planted from middle of April to first of May, when will they begin to ripen? Second, how large a place will be required to cure ten acres of beans? Third, when one gathering is placed on the yard how long will it take them to get dry enough to store away? Fourth, will it damage them to get wet while on the yard? Any information on the above subject will be thankfully received by A. STAFFORD CO. (Kan.) FARMER.

The Miller That Destroys Bees.

EDITOR BLADE FARM.—Can some reader of THE BLADE tell us what will prevent the miller that destroys bees from getting in the hives? Also what will kill it after it does get in? We use the Langstroth hives and were told that no miller could get in them, but they do "slie samee." Why can't we have a little discussion about bees? I see everything else discussed but bees. Let us hear from some of our Southern friends on the subject.—W. T. MORRIS, Archer, Florida.

[The suggestion of Mr. Norris is a good one. Let us hear from some of the bee keepers.—ED.]

Blue Grass Farmers Want a Change.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Seeing so much in THE BLADE FARM about listing, some of us blue grass farmers would like a change. I would like to say this much about listing: It will do very well on light sandy soil in dry seasons (such as they generally have in Kansas), but in wet seasons and on clayey soil it is a failure. I have seen the water stand in the furrows for a week at a time and then bake. I farmed by the side of listing farmers in McPherson county, Kansas, for seven years, and could most always beat them raising corn by planting in checks.—C. L. HARDMANN, Burnt House, W. Va.

Phosphorous With Wheat.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some reader of THE BLADE please inform me through the columns of THE BLADE how to prepare phosphorous with wheat for the purpose of poisoning ground squirrels?—FRANK BEEBE, Stevensville, Montana.

Can Any One Tell How To Do It?

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some one tell how to kill burdock and the common elder? They are a great nuisance here. Also how to keep borers out of a young orchard? Surely amongst the numerous BLADE readers there is some one who can tell.—FARMER, Conway, Iowa.

Pea Nuts.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some one of the readers please tell me, through the columns of THE BLADE, how to raise pea nuts, the amount of seed required, mode of culture, etc., and oblige.—G. A. A., Iowa.

Hydraulic Ram.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In reply to E. S. Yoder, Morril, Kan., in regard to hydraulic rams: Several years ago in Iowa I put a hydraulic ram in a spring that worked satisfactorily, forcing the water over 300 feet and up a hill about 50 feet high, it would elevate about 100 gallons daily. The ram was the smallest size made, as the spring was small a larger ram with a stronger stream of water would elevate more water, or with a less elevation would raise more water.—D. H. B., Spring Hill, Kan.

Prefers the Planter—Cured Her Mare's Eyes.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—After reading your welcome paper for six years and gaining good deal of knowledge from it, I thought I would write a few lines in answer to a gentleman, on the lister. He recommends it very highly. Does he live in sunny Kansas? If he does, I will raise just as much corn with my planter as any of my neighbors do with the lister, and have done so far, and can do it with one small team. Many thanks to you for the care for inflamed eyes. It cured my mare.—MRS. H. H. CLEMONS, Lincoln, Kan.

Something About Sheep.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—As I do not see anything in THE BLADE about sheep, I often wonder if the farmers have all quit trying to make anything out of them. I think every farmer should keep a few sheep to keep the weeds off, so it will not take so much work to keep them down. My plan is to put my sheep on the wheat field as soon as the crop is off, and let them stay until the ground is broken. They gather all the lost heads and eat the weeds that would be a curse to the next crop. It all goes back to the ground and leaves it in condition to work down smooth and clean, so that your drill will work well. Sow good seeds, and you surely will raise a good crop the next year. Sheep will pay their way in cleaning up a farm if they did not shear anything. There is the wool in the spring to bring in some money, when everything else is scarce. It comes in at the right time. In the fall you can sell your lambs at a fair price, which will enable you to hold your wheat until it suits best to market it. You can get help from the sheep twice in the year; besides, they keep the farm clear of all filth. Let them run on the meadow in winter, with hay. When the snow is on, they will do finely. If the weather is very cold, I feed some corn. Farmers, let us hear from you.—J. E. W., Morrisville, Mo. [Yes, farmers, let us hear from you.—ED.]

Received.

The handsomest volume we have yet seen issued by any state board is that of the sixth biennial report of the state board of agriculture of Kansas, volume LXI.

It contains descriptive statements, statistic maps and general information relating to each county, and the geographical and topographical features of the state, together with tables, statements, summaries and diagrams, showing the products, progress and development of the state; reports of the appointed officers of the board, etc. There has been an immense amount of work expended in preparing this work, and none but gentlemen who are deeply interested as well as competent in every way, could have accomplished so great a work in so creditable a manner.

The people of Kansas may congratulate themselves that they have been so fortunate as to secure the services of men who have, in so marked a manner, reflected credit upon themselves and the state of Kansas. Mr. M. Mabler, the able secretary of the board of Agriculture, cannot be praised too highly for the labor so beneficial to the state, he has done.

The work of the engraver is excellent, and the maps which are colored, are exceedingly distinct and correct. Kansas has proven herself a young giant in many things, and among them may be classed the book here mentioned. A glance at the book at once shows the wonderful resources of the state as well as the progressiveness of her people. The typographical part of the book is all that could be desired.

Sixth annual report of the board of Control of the State Agricultural Experiment station of Amhurst, Mass., 1888, transmitted to the legislature by Secretary Wm. R. Sessions. Director Goessmann, in his report, summarizes the work done during the year under the following headings:

FEEDING EXPERIMENTS.—Experiments with milch cows; English hay, corn stover, fodder corn, ensilage, corn and cob meal, wheat bran and gluten meal; experiments with milch cows; green fodder, vetch and oats, Southern cow-pea, corn meal, wheat bran and gluten meal; experiments with pigs; skim milk, corn meal, corn and cob meal, gluten meal and wheat bran; on fodder supply and analyses of fodder articles.

FIELD EXPERIMENTS.—Fodder corn raised with single articles of plant food; fodder crops raised with and without complete manure; experiments with vetch and oats, serradella and Southern cowpea; experiments with potatoes, roots and miscellaneous crops; "Potato Scab," by Prof. James Ellis Humphrey.

WORK IN THE CHEMICAL DEPARTMENT.—Fertilizer laws and fertilizer analyses; miscellaneous analyses; water analyses; compilation of analyses of fodder articles, with reference to food value; compilation of analyses of fodder articles, with reference to fertilizing ingredients; compilation of analyses of agricultural chemicals and refuse materials used for fertilizing purposes; meteorological observations.

The work is profusely illustrated with photo-lithographs of the chemical laboratory, farm house, barn and feeding stalls of the experiment station; comparisons of various fertilizers and cereals (14 cuts), potatoes, beets, etc. The entire book is one of much value. It exhibits a careful investigation of the subjects treated, and no one for whose benefit it has been prepared can read it without being benefited.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

THE STANDARD DEAL.

A Newsy Dispatch From the Lima Field—Great Prosperity.

The Standard oil monopoly has just completed one of the biggest deals on record. For two years the company has been quietly securing property in Ohio, and has now $7,000,000 invested there. The Standard will abandon the Pennsylvania fields for those of Ohio. The consummation of the scheme means the revolution of the oil business.

A Lima special to the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* says that all evidence here corroborates the statement made on the 17th, that the Standard Oil company had got full control of the Ohio oil field. The Lima refinery will be enlarged to 40,000 barrels capacity.

The present refinery is upon the outskirts of this town of about twenty thousand inhabitants, and is surrounded by about forty thousand barrel tanks. A short drive to the southward shows a continuous city of these tanks, all located with mathematical precision. These tanks extend as far south as Cridersville, six miles distant, and covered hundreds of acres of rich farm land as level as a floor.

It is a noteworthy fact that oil is seeping out around the roof of many of these tanks, all of which are said to be full. Work on a 22-acre reservoir is being pushed. It was located in a wood from which the timber has already about all been removed, and most of the stumps taken out. This reservoir is to be floored with grooved plank, and subdivided into compartments of one acre each. It is to be completed by October 1, the plans for the Standard call for such extensive work here that it can not be completed before snow falls.

The Standard now has five men, headed by Wm. Fleming, in this field, closing for all possible territory at advancing prices, and that they succeeded to-day in closing a deal with the Ohio Oil company, an association of the largest producers, whereby they secure about 12,000 acres in the Lima-Indiana oil field, of which one-fifth of which has been tested. The daily production of the developed part of this vast tract is 3,000 barrels.

There is another feature to this purchase. The Ohio Oil Company was not only a most formidable competitive producer since the Standard had acquired so much territory, but it furnished oil to the Lima Oil Company, of this city, and Scholfield, Tobacco & Co., of Cleveland, and this deal of course shuts these two independent competitors out. It is believed, however, that they will be able to get a sufficient supply from other producers, of whom about ten, with a production of fifty to six hundred barrels daily, have narrowly escaped the clutches of the Standard.

Among those who are fortunate enough to not have sold out to the Standard are the firm of Hoover Bros., Mehaffey & Spear, who own seven hundred acres in the midst of the field, with six hundred barrels production already developed. They are now erecting temporary stills for experimental purposes, and contemplate erecting a large refinery in company with Albany (N. Y.) parties.

The capture of the Lima oil field with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging was consummated April 15, by the payment to the Ohio Oil Company of $785,000 in certificates of allotment of stock in the Standard Oil Company. There was $360,000 of this sum paid in checks which are the equivalent of cash, and $485,000 in certificates of allotment which entitle the holders to Standard Oil Company stock at par.

Almost every one is satisfied with the deal except two or three men who lost heavily in the organization of the Ohio Oil company and put their money in expecting to buck successfully against the Standard company. They are the tenderfeet who are left. More than one-half in number of the Ohio Oil company were the trusted agents of the Standard company, and although they had a little less than one-fourth of the stock, they were able at the last moment to swing the whole of it over to the Standard at a figure that let all except the tenderfeet out wh

black eye being the defeat of Parsons by Lacey of Michigan, in the race for comptrollership of the currency.

He saw his weakness when too late, and then agreed to amalgamate with his congressional colleagues.

This was agreeable to them, but they soon discovered that it was simply a modern imitation of the old camel story. No sooner had John got his licey nose warmed than he wanted to get his whole body in, to the exclusion of everybody else. If his friends could not get the office then he would not play.

Butterworth and McKinley at once kicked and Thompson soon followed suit. That smashed the combination and now each member works for himself. The delegation's solidity is gone and McKinley said this morning that "Ohio is not asking the administration for anything."

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made By President Harrison.

The President made the following appointments on April 17.

R. P. PORTER, N. Y., to be superintendent of census.

J. W. CUNNINGHAM, to be assayer of the United States assay office at Bois City, Idaho.

W. H. CALKINS, Washington territory, to be associate justice of the supreme court of the territory of Washington.

J. B. DONNALY, La., to be marshal of the eastern division of Louisiana.

The President made the following appointments on April 19:

SOLON W. STOCKING, of Onondago, N. Y., to be an examiner in chief in the patent office.

RALPH W. WHEELOCK, of Mitchell, Dak., receiver of public moneys at Mitchell, Dak.

HARRISON REED, Esq., of Jacksonville, Ore., receiver of public moneys at Brewsey, Ore.

JAMES R. HAYDEN, of Olympia, W. T., receiver of public moneys at Seattle, W. T.

ELIJAH A. MILES, of West Branch, Iowa, agent for the Indians of the Osage agency, in the Indian territory.

JAMES G. HATCHITT, of Frankfort, Ky., a special agent to make allotments of lands in severalty to Indians, (act of Cong ress approved February 8, 1887.)

MORRIS D. WICKERSHAM, of Alabama, to be attorney of the United States for the southern district of Alabama.

JAY B. HUNTINGTON, of Oregon, to be recorder of the land office at Drewsey, Ore.

Chicago's Postmaster.

J. A. Sexton was appointed postmaster at Chicago on April 17.

[James A. Sexton, is a well-known business man of Chicago, where he has lived for twenty years or more. During the war he served in the Union army. He has been commander of the Illinois department of the G. A. R. His bushiess is that of tin from founder, and he is a man of considerable means. He has always been an active Republican, but has never before held any public office of prominence. His appointment was urged by Senator Farwell, the Chicago member of the House of Representatives, and various old soldier organizations.]

Appointments.

The President on April 18 appointed Edward S. Lacey, of Michigan, to be comptroller of currency, and Timothy Guy Phelps, to be collector of customs for the district of San Francisco.

A. Snowden Hill Appointed.

The president has appointed A. Snowden Hill to be collector of internal revenue for the district of Maryland.

An Ohio Man.

The secretary of the Treasury has appointed Wm. A. Rogers, of Mansfield, O., to be chief of a division in the third auditor's office, vice Wm. S. Keiser, resigned. He has also appointed M. L. Malone, to be superintendent of the public building at Pittsburg, Pa., vice J. W. Patterson, jr., removed.

Has Gone to Work.

Mr. Bathbun, of Ohio, on April 20, took the prescribed oath of office and entered on the discharge of his duties of chief inspector of the Postoffice department.

Removed for Cause.

Edward W. Finley, of Kentucky, a postoffice inspector on mail depredations in the post office department has been removed for cause.

THE RECORD BROKEN.

Democratic Postmasters Going Out by the Thousand.

During the first three weeks of the administration little was done with the postoffices, owing to the pressure of other matters of greater importance, but for the fourth, fifth and sixth weeks Mr. Clarkson has broken the record. Four years ago First Assistant Postmaster-General Stevenson made changes pretty rapidly, but Mr. Clarkson has outstanced all his predecessors.

In the fourth week of his administration of the office of first assistant postmaster general he appointed 719 Republican postmasters and the next week there were 687 changes. Last week, which was the sixth, the record was badly smashed, 923 postmasters having been appointed, making in all for the three weeks, 2,329. There have been nearly 400 appointments so far this week, and there are no indications of a lull in the proceedings.

PAVING THE WAY.

Arrangements Made to Carry the Presidential Party to the Centennial.

Messrs. King & Wetherbee, of the New York centennial committee, were at the white house and state department on April 19, making arrangements for the transportation of the Presidential party to New York on the occasion of the centennial celebration.

According to the present arrangement the Presidential train will leave Washington early Monday morning (the 29th), bearing the President, his cabinet and their families, arriving at Elizabeth, N. J., at about 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning. They will breakfast with Governor Green, of New Jersey.

The party will then proceed to Elizabeth Port, where they will take a boat for New York, landing at the wharf where Washington stepped ashore.

The party will proceed to the city hall and listen to the oration to be delivered by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew.

After luncheon President Harrison will hold a reception for two hours and will then be driven to the Fifth Avenue hotel.

He will also attend the ball Monday night. Secretary Blaine has promised the committee he will respond to the toast "the House of Representatives" at the banquet Tuesday night.

No Bogus Lard.

The United States consul at Havre, under date of April 4, informs the State department that from and after May 1 next, a duty of 60 cents per 100 pounds net will be levied on all importations into France of lard mixed with cotten seed oil irrespective of the percentage of such mixture, and that all lard imported from the United States will be subject to governmental examination.

Mexico Will Come.

The department of state is in receipt of a dispatch from Minister Bragg, dated April 10, saying that the Mexican government has accepted the invitation and will be duly represented at the International Marine Conference to be held at Washington, October 16, 1889.

Want the Rules Amended.

Representative Houk and Alfred Taylor, of Tennessee, asked the President to amend the civil service rules so as to permit the restoration to the service of men who were dismissed for political reasons by the last administration without regard to the length of time since they were dismissed. The President said he would give the matter very careful consideration.

The Business Interest Considered.

It is said at the Treasury department that the appointments of Mr. Cooper, as appraiser, and of Mr. Cornett, as assistant appraiser at New York, were based almost entirely upon the recommendations of the business men of New York.

Sigel Resigns.

The resignation of Gen Franz Sigel, as pension agent at New York, was received by Commissioner Tanner on April 17.

A NEW QUESTION.

A Subject for Congress to Wrestle with Next Session.

The secretary of the Treasury recently received a letter inquiring whether the transfer by manufacturers from any foreign country to the United States of their plant, machinery, work people and interests, or any portion thereof, with a view to permanent settlement, would in any way conflict with the statutes prohibiting alien contract labor and also whether such of their machinery as has been in use would be entitled to free entry. In response the secretary called attention to the provisions of section 1 of the act approved February 26, 1885, which provides "that it shall be unlawful for any person, company, partnership or corporation in any way whatsoever to pay the transportation, or in any way assist or encourage the importation or migration of any alien or aliens, any foreigner or foreigners, into the United States * * * under contract or agreement, parol or special, express or implied, made previous to the importation or migration of such alien or aliens, foreign or foreigners to perform labor or service of any kind in the United States."

The secretary said that as no facts are stated which would exempt the importation of the "work people" referred to from the provisions of the act it would seem that their transfer in the manner proposed would be a violation of the law. In answer to the inquiry as to the free entry of the machinery referred to, the secretary said that there is no law under which such free entry can be authorized.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

President Harrison Stands Firmly by the Republican Platform.

The President has made a declaration which indicates that he has not forgotten the civil service reform plank in the national Republican platform. A delegation consisting of several members of Congress waited on him to ask a further postponement of the application of the civil service rules to the railway mail service.

The President replied that it could not be done. The first postponement from March 15 to May 1, he said, had been made because of the inability of the civil service commission to prepare eligible lists by the earlier date, but there was no excuse for any further postponement, and none would be made.

"We should be disregarding the pledges made to the country," said Gen. Harrison, "if we did that."

IN MASSACHUSETTS

The Prohibitory Amendment Fails to Carry by Over 43,000 Votes.

Monday April 22, was voting day upon the proposed amendment to the constitution of Massachusetts prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. The day was a legal holiday, with the exception that certain business transactions relating to contracts, etc., were valid, and the banks, exchange and wholesale houses were closed. The following is a copy of the proposed amendment:

The manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage, are prohibited, and the general court shall enact suitable legislation to enforce the provisions of this article.

The constitutional amendment was defeated by a larger majority than even its opponents anticipated. The friends of the amendment are greatly depressed, and have but little to say. The vote as compared with last year's vote on license is as follows: Total in the twelve Congressional districts in 1889, for prohibition, 88,272; against prohibition, 131,954. Total in 1888 for license, 126,182; against license, 109,383. Majority against the amendment, with three small towns to hear from, 43,682. The greatest surprise occurred in the city of Quincy, where the vote was, yeas 1,069, no 491, the city having voted "no license" last November by 936 plurality.

Somerville was the only city in the state in which a majority was cast for the amendment, the vote being 1,812 to 1,546. In Fitchburg the majority against the amendment was only 62, in Newton 49, and in Northampton, 46.

THE DANMARK'S 700.

They are all Safe—Details of the Remarkable Story.

The steamer Missouri, with 340 of the Danmark's passengers on board, passed the Delaware breakwater at 7:30 a. m., April 22, bound for Philadelphia. As soon as she was in smooth water a number of boats put out to hear the news of the affair which has created so much excitement the past two weeks. The story told is as follows;

On April 4 the Danmark's shaft was broken. On the next day the disabled steamer met the steamship Missouri, from London March 28, for Philadelphia and Baltimore. The Missouri towed the Danmark until the 6 h, when the latter seemed about to sink. At first the Missouri was only able to take aboard 20 of the Danmark's passengers, but after having jettisoned a portion of her cargo she found accommodations for all the crew and passengers of the Danmark.

The Missouri then proceeded to the Azores and left there the first and second officers and 320 passengers. She then continued her journey to Philadelphia with 340 passengers and the remainder of the crew. The remainder of the passengers will sail on the next steamer.

The Steamer Acorn Takes the People from the Azores.

Forty-two sailors and all of the passengers left at the Azores by the Missouri came to Lisbon on the steamship Acorn. In an interview with a newspaper representative, Peter Rabsen, third mate of the steamship Danmark, related the circumstances of the loss of that vessel. Her engines, he stated, broke down on April 4, while the vessel was 800 miles from Newfoundland. Engineer Kaas was found lying dead on the floor of the engine room, and the cause of the accident to him could not be ascertained. On April 5, the Danmark was spoken by the Missouri, which towed the Danmark until April 6. The Danmark was then setting down," Rabsen states, "and we asked the Missouri to take on our passengers. The Missouri, as she was loaded, had room for only twenty additional persons, but she jettisoned her cargo and took us on board—800 of us—landing us at the Azores."

THEY MADE IT HOT.

Citizens of Missouri Who Do Not Take Any Stock in Mormon Faith.

Information comes from Dale county, Missouri, that five Mormon missionaries were severely whipped and driven from the county last Monday night.

These men had been holding meetings among the ignorant classes of the country, and had formed a colony to go to Utah.

This had been carried on against the judgment of the better class of citizens, but no action to stop it was taken until the last issue of the Ozark *Star* advised the people to tar and feather the Mormons and drive them away. This was enough.

Monday night some forty of the so-called best citizens of the northern part of the county, without the slightest attempt at disguise, surrounded the house of Gid Irons, a recent convert, who was entertaining the five missionaries. Without delay they were brought out, stripped to the waist, and dipped in a row.

Then each of the regulators, with a long switch struck each prisoner a sounding blow. By the time the last blow was struck, two of the men had fainted and the others were wet with blood.

After the whipping, the men's legs were given a thick coating of tar and feathers, and they were warned to leave instantly or suffer death.

THE DEATH ROLL.

The More Prominent of Those who Have Gone Over to the Majority.

On April 13, in Philadelphia, John P. Usher, secretary of War under Lincoln, aged 73; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Simon B. Chittenden, a prominent citizen and ex-member of Congress, aged 75; at the Plattsburg Barracks, by suicide, Capt. Ogden B. Reed, U. S. A., aged 47; in Washington, Col. George W. Dyer, a prominent patent lawyer; in Milwaukee, Wis., Ex-Governor L. J. Farwell, aged 70; in Providence, R. I., Mrs. Herbert W. Ladd, wife of the governor-elect, aged 43; in Washington, Rear Admiral William R. Taylor, U. S. N., retired, aged 78; in Breslau, Germany, United States Consul Henry Dethmar, aged 65.

On April 15, in Lakewood, N. J., Gen. Charles R. Graham, ex-surveyor of the port of New York.

On April 16, in Philadelphia, Dr. Samuel W. Gross, one of the most eminent medical practitioners in the country, aged 82; in Orange, N. Y., Brig. Gen. Samuel Kennedy Dawson, U. S. A., aged 60.

M. Louis Ulbach, the French author is dead, aged 67.

Single-handed a Robber Gets Away with a Big Sum.

One of the boldest railroad robberies ever perpetraed by a single robber in Missouri occurred at Pattonsburg, on the Wabash road, Friday night, and has just leaked out. About 9 o'clock on Friday night one masked burglar entered the station at Pattonsburg. He covered the agent, the only person in the station, with a pistol, and demanded the key, which he received. He then made the agent occupy a given position and proceeded to plunder the safe.

He cleaned it out of everything, securing money estimated at $6,000 to $10,000.

The robber then backed out of the station, mounted a horse and rode away. The agent on Saturday notified Superintendent McGee, of the Wabash. McGee communicated with detectives in St. Louis, and a search for the robber was started without success.

OKLAHOMA OPENED.

THE GREAT RUSH.

Exciting Scenes on the Border of the Great Promised Land—The March Commenced at Noon Monday—Accidents and Incidents.

At noon of Monday, April 22, the thousands congregated on the Oklahoma line, presented a sight never before seen in this or any other country. All four borders of the promised land were filled with people, and every man, woman and child was in a state of excitement bordering on insanity. In many places troops kept the line of boomers back, but the soldiers were insufficient to handle the awful crush, and here and there a wagon would be seen moving up a few feet, only to be followed by hundreds of others, whose occupants would not allow their best friend and old neighbor to gain any advantage.

The Grand Rush.

After the long morning had worn away, the hour of 12 o'clock came.

Such a scene as it brought forth taxes the power of words to describe. The long line of prairie schooners, which from the high lands at Purcell seemed inanimate, burst forward as if shot from some gigantic gun, and the race of the boomers commenced toward the expected homes in the promised land.

The warm sun had dried the mud into dust, and it rolled up in one immense cloud as the two, four and six horse teams, urged on by the crack of the whip, the shouts of the occupants, and the occasional firing of a revolver, forged ahead over the beautiful plains.

One feature that caused the American heart to swell with pride, was the fact that the beautiful stars and stripes waved from the tops of the hundreds of wagons, and any advantage that one schooner seemed to gain over another, was heralded by the happy man in the lead by a triumphant wave of the great Flag of the Free.

When the start was made, a new feature showed itself, and the fact that it was almost general proved that many of the boomers had been of the same mind.

They had feared that the heavily laden schooners might retard their progress, and that the cows, colts and pigs following in the wake would be an incumbrance. To make sure of a home, they had picked out their speediest horse and mounted him with the best rider they could command.

At 12 o'clock these riders shot out ahead of the prairie schooners from all along the line. It was their purpose to get to the interior in advance of the wagons, locate a claim and rush to the land office to make entry. By this means they hoped to get a lead on the others and secure better farms for their future homes. But so many people had been of the same mind that the progress of the skirmishers across the plains had every appearance or a line of cavalry throwa out to protect the vast sea of canvas-covered outfits that followed in the rear.

Incidents without number were forced upon the spectator with such rapidity that they could not all be recorded. It was an ever changing view, and a race on its merits. There was nobody trying to jockey this race. If pools had been sold on the best time made the holder of a ticket could rest assured that his favorite was not being pulled.

Made The Most Of It.

One old farmer had the misfortune to run over one of his cows and break its leg. The women in his party did not stop to see the sad misfortune. They set about to make the most of it, while the captain of the schooner dispatched the suffering animal with a well-directed bullet, and in almost less time than it takes to tell it, the cow was quartered, dressed and strung up to the equipage. The only change made in the programme of this boomer was that he had lost half a load, and that his family would have fresh meat for supper, when they had probably calculated on salt pork.

In a number of wagons could be seen pale faces, telling only too plainly, that the excitement and hard-ships of the trip had been a severe strain on their physical constitutions.

They were hustled along, however, and bore the fatigue of the journey with a power showing that they possessed the true spirit of a boomer, and that they were going to make a break in the land of many people, if not the land of magnificent resources.

Up in a Balloon.

Sailing high up among the clouds was noticed a balloon, and the field glasses of your correspondent revealed the fact that six persons occupied the air ship. They were at least five miles in advance of the wagon trains, and were descending rapidly to the earth. They were doubtless a party of bold boomers who had taken this way of getting directly over the land of their choice, and at the appointed hour of noon had pulled the valve in their machine and dropped in, as it were, on the claim they intended to homestead.

Sworn Bands of Friends.

It is every day becoming more apparent that the lands of Oklahoma will be insufficient for the people who will be here to claim it. As a consequence there have been organized bands or companies, the members of which are sworn to protect their fellows.

The leaders of the companies have agreed that if an considerable portion of them fail to get into Oklahoma they will league together and take possession of the Cherokee strip.

"Two-thirds even of these organized men will be left, and in a week they will have 10,000 determined men desperate from failure of cherished plans, driving the stock out of the strip and holding down claims.

The hope of the men who have this desperate enterprise is to have so many people in the strip in a short time that it will be thought better to leave them than to attempt to drive them out. Arkansas City is the headquarters of the engineers of the scheme, but auxiliaries are located along the line and the rush will be simultaneous at all points.

The officers fear this, and will endeavor to hurry a patrol for the strip from Oklahoma, to anticipate and thus prevent the expected rush. It is well known such a scheme has been talked of by Col. Cole and other Oklahoma agitators, and at the present time they find most opportune to make their advance.

The Town of 'Frisco.

A party of capitalists of San Francisco sent their agent, Geo. W. Perkins, to find a site for the town they will build and call 'Frisco. Perkins and his party stood upon the rear platform after leaving Purcell, and just after the Canadian river was crossed they leaped off and concealed themselves in the bushes. The chances are that the situation of 'Frisco will be near this bridge.

At Guthrie there are in preparation a number and variety of town-site schemes, and on account of the present prominence of the place as a land office, the contest for possession will be the more intense.

Troops are being, as rapidly as possible, sent into the country, and there are now in its borders 14 companies of infantry and 20 troops of cavalry.

Demand for Engineers.

The demand for civil engineers is greater than the supply and the few fortunate who are surveyors and have instruments with them are commanding fabulous prices for their services. The government has a large force of engineers on the tract, but they are entirely inadequate to the demand. As each homestead must be surveyed and located before entered at the land office, the reason for the demand is apparent.

A correspondent followed the march of the 10,000 from the Arkansas and Walnut Valley camps down the Ponca trail, and across the Cherokee strip. This was by five times the largest throng that entered at any one point, and was composed of the best material that entered the territory. They obeyed the law in magnificent form, and that obedience was given at the cost of their lawful rights.

Did Not Heed the Law.

While they halted on the line until noon of to-day, hundreds of Arkansas crackers, Mississippians, Texans and negroes from the southern border had been for hours on the march. That fact, with the additional one that Guthrie was handed over to a syndicate of government officers and railroad men, is sufficient to start an inquiry. The next few days will fully develop the situation and bring in news from the scattered parts of the territory.

To complete the grievance the country threatens to be a tremendous disappointment.

The Land a Disappointment.

The only heavy check encountered in the descent from the north was at the Salt Fork of the Arkansas river. The stream was swollen far beyond its normal volume. Two outfits were lost in attempting to make the ford. The railway bridge was planked by the troops and the schooners and trains passed in this novel manner. It was reported that a wooded country lay before, but an hour's march cleared the riverside timber and we were on plains again.

The land, although green and treeless became more rolling than the splendid prairie north of the fork and the soil was not quite so good.

We were promised by every government employe and Texas ranchmen, who alone share the strip with the Indians, that the country would deteriorate southward. They viewed the passing tide of immigration with wonder and amusement. The promise seemed to be fully borne out when the boomers' army reached the line. The trail then ran at the side of the railroad tracks and the boundary was marked by a long picket line of cavalry.

It lacked but a half hour of noon when a correspondent reached the border and passed through the thousands of boomers held in check.

A red, white and blue guidon was planted at a point on the line, whence the guard stretched evenly away on either hand. We advanced beyond this point to the quarters of Lieut. Waite's command, and were in Oklahoma at last. The prospect confronted was a most cheerless one to have ridden so far and hard to see. The landscape is duplicated on the great American desk.

It is a plain, broken only by buttes, gullies, and in the immediate foreground by a railway embankment.

Only Red Clay.

The surface thus scanned revealed a soil as red as brick dust, and in spots almost vermillion.

The whole region could be a huge paint quarry, and the sunligat upon this highly colored ground reflected upon the figures of men and teams with strange effect.

No Vegetation.

There was no vegetation save the scant and scattered bunch-grass, and with it all the heat was tropical. Such a shabby introduction to the promised land weighed heavily upon the pilgrims, but though many thought with regret of the glorious fairy fields of the Cherokee strip through which they had passed, all were firm to advance. Indeed we have seen but one man turn back, and he was going home to nurse a rifle shot wound through the neck, the result of an accident.

Those who had seen the plunge over the Kansas border, had regarded that as a lifelong sight but had not anticipated the repetition of that scene on a greater scale. Whereas, on the first occasion the boomers were crowded in a single column down a muddy road, they now spread out along the line a half mile long. The ground rose gently before them for about 500 yards, then dipped and was again higher. It was evident that there was going to be a rush and a race.

The mounted men crowded up to the front; teadsters of strong teams gathered their reins snugly in hand, while those with jaded stock—of which there was, alas, too much—looked sadly on, or moved hopelessly back, to avoid the impending rush.

There was an intense strain of excitement upon all, and upon none more, it is certain, than those who were mere observers. All had previously set watches with the lieutenants, and noted the last moments in a silence that but echoed, as it were, the hush upon the boomer lines.

How the Start Was Made.

The lieutenant stood in the open space, at some distance behind his men. As the hands overlapped at 12 o'clock, the officers made a sign, the bugles sounded on both flanks, the cavalry rolled back, closed up, and then swung away like a huge gate, with the pivot resting on the railroad. Shrill cheers rose from the boomers, their whip-lashes resounded, the horses among them shot forward impetuously, the teams tugged at the rattling harness, and the whole motly crowd swept forward with gathering motion.

The First Claim.

In a contest so wholly one of speed, the race was to the swift, and the broad line began to straggle, the galloping horsemen disappearing over the first crest ere the teams in turn had half covered the distance, or the astonished oxen had responded to the goad. One man on the far right, who had run his horse like a deer in the lead of a hot chase, leaped to the ground on the top of the ridge and began driving stakes. This was certainly the first homestead legally taken up in Oklahoma. He was wished a welcome to his claim, and the rest went tearing on.

THE LAND SHARKS

Get the Best, Apparently—Interesting Scenes of the Settlement.

When the first train arrived at Guthrie from Arkansas City, the embay of streets and lots of the city had already been laid out by enterprising citizens, who had been early on the scene. Hardly had the cars slowed down at the station when eager men leaped from the car windows, slipped from the roofs of the coaches and poured out of the doors in streams. The minute the slope leading up from the station was black with men rushing head long, eager for the coveted town lots.

In two minutes not one of the men who had filled the train was left within speaking distance of the railway. By the time this crowd had reached the top of the slope near the land office, men who had been running parallel lines for streets and driving in stakes for town lots were well on their way along the level strip of land east of the land office. The crowd then caught the moving line of streets and lots and rushed eastward at a tremendous rate. The men who brought along a muslin ensign bearing the words "Bank of Guthrie," were compelled to take up a lot one mile back of the station.

The next train arriving from Arkansas City brought a thousand home-seekers about ten minutes later.

The men in this train hurried across the prairie like an army charging the wing of the enemy. They spread out north and south with axes and spades and stakes and began with wonderful energy the location of town sites.

The third, fourth, fifth and six trains from Arkansas City swelled the number to as many thousands. When the seventh and eighth trains came in later in the afternoon, the crowd had overflowed all bounds. On the east the streets and town lots had been extended fully two miles, on the north a mile and a half and on the south nearly as far. No attempt had been made to lay out a town on the west side of the track. This west land had all been filled in for homesteads.

Almost with the first rush of home-seekers from the cars, the home-seekers who had started across the Oklahoma north line at noon in wagons and on horse back, began to pour into the new city. Their horses were reeking wet from the hot and furious drive. They took possession of such town lots in the future Oklahoma metropolis as they could lay claim to.

Meanwhile the land office was besieged by an eager and determined crowd of men waiting to file claims upon homesteads. As the afternoon wore on this crowd grew larger until at closing time it reached in a regular line down the street to the railroad station. Business in the land office went rather slowly. The register and receiver did the best they could but the pressure upon them was tremendous. The man who were waiting to file claims were forced into line two abreast.

Dealers in real estate began business before 2 o'clock in the afternoon. One enterprising dealer had as a background for the safer transaction of business, a stock of rifles which had been placed there by the government troops on duty at the land office. Near by was the force of United States Marshal Needles. The tent was surmounted by a large American flag.

The railway runs southwesterly past the town, and it was proposed to lay out the streets at direct angles with the track, but a plat with north and south and east and west sections was adopted.

This was proposed by George H. Clayton, of Arkansas brother of the Congressman, Dowell Clayton, and twin of the lately assassinated Congressional candidate. It was decided that a town lot shall be 30 by 140 feet, and that the streets should be 80 feet wide, except two 100-feet intersecting avenues, which were named respectively Munford avenue, for Dr. Munford, of Kansas City, and Harrison avenue, for the President.

Meanwhile the whole town site was homesteaded. Forty applications under this right of public domain were filed at the land office, and some very beautifully comdicated law suits will follow.

It looks only fair that those who were there in advance of the authorized hour, and who grabbed the land for the corporation that backs them, should be dispossessed and the whole town site placed in the fair and even reach of all.

It is almost certain, however, that for all its present prestige—for everything is going to Guthrie—there can never be a town of any importance there.

The surrounding country is sterile, and with the exception of small pieces of bottom land can grow nothing but buffalo grass cactus.

The adjacent stream is small and alkaline, and well water is deep and scarce.

The temperature bounds from blighting cold to withering heat, and there are long periods of drouth and irregular occasions of floods and hurricanes. As the sun went down little tents and unsheltered men dotted the region over an area large enough for an Eastern metropolis.

There is covering for about 1,000 persons, on a liberal estimate, and the nights, after the roasting days, are actually chilly.

Whether it rains or not, great suffering must be endured by the thousands of unsheltered.

Murdock City is filled up with great crowds from Northern trains that will descend upon Guthrie to-day. A breakout is soon expected, as there are many thousands more than can be supplied with food and shelter. Meanwhile the rush continues, and the excitement is at a very high pitch.

The Business of Filing Claims Was Not Fairly Commenced on the Twenty-Second.

The first soldier to file a declaratory statement was B. Turner, who was a private in Co. 1, 6th Ills. cavalry.

Three town sites—Guthrie, Oklahoma City and 'Frisco—three homesteads and twenty-three soldiers' declaratory statements were filed.

At 12:15 William Johnson heading the little procession at the land office laid down a rough chart of Guthrie and filed it as a town site.

This was the first paper filed:

Four clerks for the land offices from Washington, arrived yesterday, two for Kingfisher, and two here.

Land Register Dille stated to-day that the Kingfisher land office would be open Thursday.

Unearthed a Crime.

About 5 o'clock yesterday, a pistol shot was heard across the cottonwood west of the depot, outside of the site. In a moment a man on horseback went west over the hill at breakneck speed. Two deputy United States marshals went over, but were told nothing had occurred.

A *Star* reporter got a boat and crossed the stream to investigate. In the bushes were collected half a dozen men. On the ground and beside a half made grave was stretched all that was mortal of S. T. Compis. A ball from a revolver had passed enterely through his breast, coming out at the back. He lived half an hour and was dead when the *Star* reporter reached him.

Efforts were made to conceal the body and only the assurance of strictest secrecy allowed the reporter there, and then he did not dare reveal his business. The face was recognized as a man who had eaten dinner with the scribe. Compis said he and his partner entered Guthrie on ponies, crossed the Cottonwood and staked a claim.

As they drove the last stakes a fellow was discovered in the bushes on the bank.

A Cold-Blooded Murder.

This man said he had already staked the claim. Compis and his partner offered to divide. To this the fellow objected, and warned them he would shoot before he would divide. Compis did not believe this threat, and, as he left the meal tent, he said he should sleep on that claim.

Half an hour afterwards Compis was shot by the first claimant as he stood by his pony, bridle in hand.

His murderer ran away before Compis's companion could realize what had been done. Believing secrecy the easiest way out, Compis's partner dragged the dying man into the bushes and said no one had been hurt. He would not give his name and the peculiarity of the situation prevented a searching enquiry.

The dead man was about 30 years old, and had black hair and eyes.

When he left the eating tent he wore a gray flannel shirt, trousers and boots, and had a coat strapped to his pony.

Compis's companion took possession of the murderer's outfit—a wagon and two horses. The man will never return, as he knew his shot was fatal, and the body was buried in the bushes.

Somebody Worked a Great Scheme on the Boomers.

A scheme which resulted in the practical cornering of town lots in Guthrie, originated with the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad, probably in combination with the syndicate who have been hard at work in Arkansas city for a week or more past. As stated before, numbers of men have been going into the territory as deputy marshals, and others under permits as railroad employes. The marshals were simply commissioned and not sworn and the railroad men were not burdened with official orders. They all did their work and did it well. Officials in the Guthrie land office say that men seemed to spring out of the earth as soon approached, and that it did not take fifteen minutes to occupy half the town site.

The Man with the Coffins Puts in an Appearance.

These dispatches gave notice several days ago that a man was bound for the land of the boomers with three wagons loaded with coffins. He put in an appearance to-day, and has set about his business with an evident desire to make money.

He has staked off a piece of land about a mile from the corner of Harrison avenue and Guthrie street, and has a petition already drawn to present to the council, asking for permission to construct and maintain a cemetery, bearing the name of Oklahoma.

As four deaths from violent causes have occurred so far, and many will follow from natural causes, the man with the coffin and cemetery can play both ends against the middle and win either way.

Men Baffled in their Attempts, Take It out in Swearing.

The profanity among the Arkansas City, Wichita and Kansas City speculators, was both loud and deep. If there has been a prospect of shooting at any time, it was when these men found themselves baffled at the game of freeze out, but they were compelled to swallow their wrath, for according to all the technicalities in law, the men in possession were the rightful owners, and the men who had been left out were the ones most persistent in their demand for the law's enforcement.

There was nothing to do but to take what was left, and it was in the scramble to get these, that the most ludicrous scene of the day was presented.

Failing over each other in the effort to get out of the cars, every variety of man along the frontier made an army which charged the land office at the top of the knoll, not in a body, but in detachments. The land office was not the point of their destination, though it stands at the corner of the section and is therefore the present north terminus of the town. But a few secure the lots nearest to it that the rush was made. There was little left near it. Stakes had already been driven almost to the limit of the half section of 320 acres allowed for a town site. As the law now stands there was but a small margin and this was being rapidly wiped out by the same men who had already appropriated nearly everything in sight.

It was but a few minutes until the line was reached and the back-action movement of taking up the lots which nobody had wanted before began. They were not long on the market after the close of the land office. Those who had secured lots at the Atchison train arrived and found everything cornered the air was blue for miles around the metropolis. There was nothing to do, however, as every lot was protected by rifles and revolvers, and if the shooting began there was no telling where it would stop. The only resourse left to the disappointed men was to buy out such holders of lots as were willing to sell, or run the risk of taking outside the legal limit. Both courses were adopted, and a good number of Guthrie city lots changed hands.

Ten Thousand Votes Polled—The Candidates.

On April 22 in the afternoon the first municipal election occurred. at Guthrie The election notice appeared today in the Oklahoma *Herald*, a daily paper published at Guthrie, on the first day of its existence. A council will be elected at the same time. Nearly 10,000 votes were polled, as there are about that many men in Guthrie with the intention of becoming citizens. The leading candidates for mayor were Adjt.-Gen. Reice, of Illinois; William Constantine, of Springfield, Ohio, and T. L. Sumner, of Arkansas City. A strong dark horse is T. Volney Haggatt, of Huron, Dak.

ELECTION TROUBLES.

Echoes From the Arkansas Vote of Last November.

The Federal court for the eastern district of Arkansas has been in session a Little Rock for almost two weeks investigating charges of frauds and intimidation in the election held November 6, 1888. Judge D. J. Brewer has presided, though District Judge Henry C. Caldwell charged the grand jury. So far there have been two convictions and one acquittal. On April 20, Reuben W. Arden, a gray haired man of Union county, was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for driving a negro away from the polls and refusing to allow him to cast his ballot.

Thomas W. Dansby, of Cleveland county, was fined $500 for interfering with an election supervisor at Kingsland, Cleveland county.

It was hoped that in trial evidence might be brought out which would lead to the discovery of the men who stole the ballot box and thus to the murderer of John M. Clayton, late Republican candidate for Congress in the second district, who was assassinated in Plummerville, Jan 29. But so far nothing has been learned which will assist in clearing up these two crimes. The grand jury has indicted altogether fifteen people for interfering with election officers on Nov. 6. All in the second congressional district. The trials will occur at this term of court.

Trained Clerks for Oklahoma.

Several clerks who are thoroughly informed as to the detailed work of a local land office left the general land office on April 19 for Guthrie and Kingfisher stations in Oklahoma to assist the local land officers.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE SALT TRUST.

All the Salt Works in the Country to Combine.

Mr. Wellington R Burt, of Saginaw, president of the Michigan Salt association, sails on Wednesday next for Southampton, on the North German Lloyd steamer Saale, on an errand, the results of which will be felt from one end of the United States to the other.

He goes to secure $10,000,000, by means of which, with the pool already formed in this country, the entire salt product of the United States, will be controlled by a syndicate, of which he will be the head.

English capitalists, who have operated a salt trust in Great Britain, are interested in this projects, the details of which have all been arranged, and which will all be settled by Mr. Burt during his brief visit to England.

This gigantic business combination is not to be Salt Trust in the usual acceptance of the word, although in many of its features it resembles one.

It is simply applying to the entire salt industry of the United States the same principles that from time to time have been used in the great salt producing section of the Saginaw valley.

Each district will produce the usual quantity of salt, and will report to headquarters constantly the amount of stock on hand.

Headquarters will make the sales and see that the stuff is shipped in the most economic manner. For instance, orders from country tributary to Syracuse will be filled from that city instead of the Michigan people stealing in there, as they do now. Kansas and other states thereabouts will be supplied from Kansas instead of from Micegan or New York, and Kansas people will not undertake to supply Ohio and Michigan as is now the case. It is estimated that in this way there will be saved in the operating expenses of the business at least $500,000 a year, even at the present ridiculously low price of salt.

It is not the purpose of the proposed syndicate to go into this matter with the intention of forcing up the price of salt. There will be no necessity for any such action as with the business management consolidated and concentrated, the saving in operating expenses will yield a comfortable return in and of itself.

The plan has been fully matured, and the various interests are agreed as to the necessity and advisability of the project. Mr. Burt, as has been stated, goes to England to finish the details and put into active operation one of the greatest business combinations this country has ever seen.

LOSING ITS GRIP.

A Once Powerful Organization Has Gone Into Decline.

The Iron and Steel Manufacturers' association, of Pittsburg, which, heretofore, met, each year, with a committee from the Amalgamated association and settled the wages scale, is no longer the powerful organization it once was.

In fact, it barely exists, and there is only a faint possibility that it may show signs of life at the coming meeting in June.

Joseph H. Weeks, who is the secretary of the association, said April 19: "The organization has practically dissolved. A. F. Keating was the president. Last year he declared he would have nothing more to do with the concern, and he has kept his word. Other manufacturers have also held aloof, and no meetings have been held. The manufacturers' caucus at the next convention will not be made much weaker by this state of affairs, because it is down now about as low as it can get. The old organization may pick up courage enough to appoint a committee to meet the iron workers when the time arrives, but so far the members have not intimated that they will do so."

A manufacturer, when questioned on the subject, intimated that the collapse of the association would aid the iron workers at the coming scale convention, as every man could act independently. The mill proprietors would be glad to get some excuse for a temporary shut down. By this apathy they expect to bring about a reduction of wages.

AVERSE TO PROHIBITION.

The Democratic Society of Philadelphia Goes on Record.

The Democratic Society of Philadelphia met on April 20 and unanimously passed resolutions opposing the proposed Constitutional Prohibitory Amendment as a sumptuary provision, subversiveof the personal freedom and individual liberty of the citizens, and calling upon "all who are opposed to patriarchial government and to the tyranny of majorities" to defeat the measure. A special appeal was made to other Democratic societies throughout the state to join in making a vigorous, determined and organized effort in support of the Democratic doctrine that that country is governed best which is governed least."

Lower California Has Several Alleged Rights She Wants Respected.

There has been trouble for some time between the International company of Mexico and American fishing vessels, the company claiming sole control of the fisheries of lower California, the Pacific ocean and the gulf waters.

The Mexican consul at San Diego on April 18, made public a letter which he received from the general manager of the International company, calling attention to the fishing concessions of the Mexican government to the company and the consul has issued a proclamation warning all captains of American and other vessels that he has ordered the authorities at Ensenada to commence an active crusade against and confiscate all vessels found fishing in the prescribed limits.

Ex-Postmaster Henry G. Pearson Has Gone to His Reward.

Ex-Postmaster Henry G. Pearson died at New York on April 20.

At the bedside of the deceased were: Mrs. and Miss James, Mrs. Chulback, Charles D. Freeman, of Henry Clowes & Co., and Thos. L. James. Mr. Pearson's death was from hemorrhage caused by cancer of the stomach. He had been in a comatose state from 11 o'clock on the previous morning until he died. He was 45 years of age. His death occurred on the 13